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INDIAN
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-Poetry

INDIANA ROOM
PAMPHLET FILE

A Hoosiers Rhymes

and

Colorado Legends

cop. 1

MY TRIBUTE

*From Ohio River's bottom lands
By a Hoosier's pen, a few odd lines,
To Colorado's mystic manitou,
Her azured skies and columbines.*

Emeline Fairbanks Mem. Library

By
WILL LAVENDER
Rhymer of the Rockies



WILL LAVENDER
Humorist and Reader



A HOOSIER'S RHYMES
and
COLORADO LEGENDS

Emeline Fairbanks Mem. Library

THE HOUSE OF LAVENDER

Ever since the reign of the second William and the first George, and during the period of the Commonwealth in England, through wars and religious strife, there has been a William, James, or George Lavender. Kings have been beheaded, dynasties have fallen, commoners have held the guiding hand only to relinquish to Kings and Queens again. When John Wesley was preaching, Bunyon languishing in the Bedford jail, or a Cromwell was being beheaded, the Lavender babies were being named George, William, Mary, Elizabeth, or Ann, as the succession of Kings and Queens transpired. They are scattered now, and widely separated, from England's shores, to far away Australia and America. Yet you will find a little grand daughter of the last William, living in the old home city of Ramsey, Huntingdon. She lives with her parents at the old wayside manor; The Eridge House. In the village of Forty Foot Bridge, near the historic Abbey, where Oliver Cromwell sacked and looted the churches during England's religious strife.

By turning a small dial in my dining room I have heard the voice of their King, and the children's laughter in that far away land of the fens.

The soldiers of Cromwell may have trampled through my grandmother's garden of thyme and lavender flowers for all I know.

—The Author



AUGUSTANA COLLEGE

Rock Island, Ill., May 15, 1932

In the western series of poems by Will Lavender the manner of treatment is executed somewhat similar to Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg, and Vachel Lindsay. It is a style of poetry much in vogue at the present day.

It seeks to glorify the commonest things of daily experiences. In *The Birth of the Rainbow*, *Rockies Rhyme*, *On a Rampage*, and *How the Sunsets Are Made*, the author is at his best.

—Rev. E. F. Bartholomew, Professor of English Literature and Philosophy

ROCK ISLAND COUNTY

Rock Island, Ill., April 22, 1933

Dear Mr. Lavender: I consider the readings I have heard you give very excellent. The material which you have produced is original and new. In your writing you are extremely fortunate in your ability to interpret the beauty of nature and to touch up the common things of everyday life in such a charming way that you reveal the beauty, the humor, and the pathos of those experiences. In so doing you have dignified the labor and the struggles of those who laid the foundations for the social and economic life of the Middle West. Your manner of presenting your own compositions from the platform is pleasing. You grip the audience and hold their attention.

I am suggesting to the program committee of the Kiwanis Club that they arrange to place you on the program in the near future.

—Justin Washburn

SLAYTON LYCEUM BUREAU

Chicago, Illinois

I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Lavender in some of his original poems and sketches.

He is an artist of the Riley type. He is earnest and sincere of purpose, unaffected, and natural in the delivery of his own charming poems. His stories and verses are from the heart, and cannot fail to please the most critical.

—Lulu Tyler Gates, Reader

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

IN MEMORIAL

For the memorial service, conducted by The Southern Indiana Civic Association and the Boonville Press Club, in Nancy Hanks Lincoln Park at Lincoln City, the resting place of the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Representatives of three states claimants of equal honors pay homage each year to her memory.

TO THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN

Honor! Just a wreath of laurel
Gathered from the countryside.
We are honored, a favored people,
Bowed, with arms outspreading wide.

Breathe a loving benediction
Upon a mother and a son.
One, whose given task was ended.
The other his work had just begun.

For her noble spirit wearied,
Gently she was laid to rest.
Resting in the quiet, sleeping
In a land she loved the best.

May stars keep watch, while shades of evening
Spread a cover for the night.
Till sunbeams come to kiss the morning
When they usher in, the light.

A plaintive requiem, a cardinal calling
Sounds from the forest, green and still,
Sleep in peace till the dawn's awakening,
When the day breaks forth on yonder hill.

That day, somewhere, beyond the shadows
There will be no parting, neither pain.
That day with its triumphant ending,
Mothers and sons shall meet again.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

MOTHERS

God just lends 'em to us fer a while,
He calls 'em home, and then
The spirit of their sacrifice to us
He gives, that we might carry on, an' thus
We children get 'em back again,
To treasure in our hearts fer keeps.



DEDICATED TO MINE

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By Will Lavender

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NOTE

The early Hoosier Rhymes were written in Colorado Springs. The Colorado Legends in Rock Island, Ill.

INTRODUCTION

Some years ago, (the number is like the proverbial number of the retrospective years of the old maid) the traditional stork was winging his way from the Southland to the place of my destination. Over the border line and cane brakes of Kentucky, skimming the waters of the Ohio, it sped for a light in a clearing in the bottom lands of Southern Indiana, and there left me to my own devices.

They say poets are born, and not made, and truly that is just the beginning. They have a row to hoe the same as other folks. I have had a hard row to hoe ever since, and one it seems to me with a double portion of weeds. Also a few briars for good measure.

You readily see by what a small margin I missed being born a Corn Cracker, and while I am a Hoosier, I was then in reality only a little sucker. My teeth had not yet sprouted, and my gums had not sufficiently hardened for corn cracking. But I had a happy faculty bestowed upon me, that of easily making friends. I exercised it at once, and immediately began making connections, both right and left.

I survived and flourished in spite of "chills and chiggers," and grew to manhood. I was a big "sucker" for ever leaving Indiana, and I am a bigger Sucker now, for I have adopted Illinois as the state wherein to be content.

I said the old stork came from the South, because according to the theory of heredity, my mother (who lived there) gave me my fiery temper, and likewise my sunny disposition.

I have always loved the old place down there in Indiana. The boyhood associations, and the pleasant recollections of Uncle's farm are very dear to me. It seems as though the fragrance of the lilacs and honeysuckle hangs like incense over the memories of those never to be forgotten days. Their charm and the delights and experiences of a Hoosier boy, just don't happen to a boy born in any other place.

I am proud of the state which gave me my birth-right, and justly proud of the record of her illustrious sons. She has given much to this nation of ours. In time of need statesmen of courage and convictions, have advanced to proclaim them. In time of war brave and courageous men have volunteered in her defense. In music, art, and letters many distinguished men who have won fame and renown, claim that the soil of the Old Hoosier State from which they sprung is accountable for their achievements. She gave to us that beloved author and poet, James Whitcomb Riley, the children's choice of a man of letters; a star of such magnitude to which we writers would fain hitch our wagons.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

"AWAY DOWN THERE IN INDIANA"

Seems as I kin see it now
The garden, where I used to plow.
I always did love the old home somehow,
Away down there in Indiana.

How the mockin' birds 'ed sing,
How the lilacs 'ed smell in spring,
And how the bumble bees 'ed sting,
Away down there in Indiana.

I kin hear the same ole dinner bell,
An feel the coolness of the well,
Jest like when I use to dwell,
Away down there in Indiana.

Chills and chiggers? oh we had some,
Asmy! Yes when the hayin' time 'ed come,
Thems what makes you feel to hum,
Away down there in Indiana.

An there wuz lonesome times, an yet
Folks dont set around en fret,
Why Id just like to take my duds and get
Away down there in Indiana.

MOTHERS

God just lends 'em to us fer a while,
He calls 'em home, and then
The spirit of their sacrifice to us
He gives, that we might carry on, an' thus
We children get 'em back again,
To treasure in our hearts fer keeps.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

WHAT MARKS THE END OF A MOTHER'S DAY

You know sometimes I git t' wishin',
I wuz just a big brown bear,
An git up once when winter's over
An never have t' brush your hair.

Goin' t' bed wouldn't be so bad, if
After once you git tucked in,
It's tomorrow, with the rooster a crowin'
You have t' git all out ag'in.

A woodpecker wakes you in the mornin'
Tap, Tap, tappin' he's on the roof.
Sounds like's right here on your bed stead,
He telegraphs and then flies off.

Perty soon you hear a whistlin'
Taint a boy, It's a mockin' bird.
He whistles right down through your winder,
All different tunes you never heard.

Then it's happy day with sun a shinin',
The fish 'er a bitin' down in the slough,
On a day like this, can't work in the garden,
A boy's got too many things to do.

What marks the end of a mother's day,
It isn't done when the prayers are said,
All the hopes, the love, and the longings,
Are wrapped in a boy to be tucked into bed.

Last thing he knows he's kinda dreamin'
When Ma comes in to take a peep,
The good night kiss he's never a knowin'
Her little boy is sound asleep.

An' the darksome days, an' spells of weather,
An' clouds when the sun aint shining through,
Oh mother and son will breast 'em together,
Each one wishin' their dreams 'ed come true.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES



LET WINTER COME

When the leaves is turnin' yellor,
An' the apples is gittin' red,
When all the things is put down cellar,
You needn't worry 'bout bein' fed.

There's mince-meat, jam, an' jelly,
All in a row up on a shelf;
My! I'd bust myself a-tryin'
T'eat it all up by myself.

You know, I like to watch the leaves a-fallin',
An' I hate to see 'em, too,
Fer I can hear the school-bell callin'
An' winter's coming, whew!

It kind a makes me shiver,
But it's nice to know what's there,
Waitin' fer a little feller,
On the shelf right by the stair.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

"BUMBLE BEES"

One of the pleasures we boys at my Uncle's farm indulged in, was fighting bumble bees.

The fun was doubled when we had a boy visiting from the town. We then could show Walter how to catch them in a jug of water. Walter was selected of course to put the jug on the most advantageous spot for the undertaking, also Frank was chosen to prod the nest with a pole just when that spot was reached, and there's where the fun began.

Armed with a paddle we tackle the bumble bees, as they return to the nest to deposit the honey. With a buzz, buzz, zip and a plunk each bee was given his quietus with neatness and dispatch.

In case the line didn't hold and one or more bees got through, it is safe to say you double your efforts to get away, with the goal forgotten, you try for a safety, and that is in flight.

There were times when the paddle method was not so effective.

Uncle Tom enjoyed a little fun with boys also, and didn't always tell us boys where the bumble bees' nest was, so when you drove the little mule hitched to a hay rake over the place, why the cloud of bees began to thicken, and the movements of the mule for once began to quicken.

Like Shakespeare you question whether it was "to be or not to be."

Of one thing you can be certain it's your next move and you don't wait to be told either.

BUMBLE BEES

Them bumble-bees is the fuzzies things
You kin find in the whole creation.
With the softes buzz, that ever wuz,
There sting's a swell sensation.
I member once, my brother Ed

Got stung mightnigh all over.
We wuz fightin' bumble-bees nests,
Down in the patch a clover.
You couldn't hardly tell him
He looked so awful funny.

His eyes an nose an mouth an chin
Wuz swelled all in to one. He
Couldn't see or smell or eat
For mighty nigh a week,
He'd motion with his fingers,

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

Whenever he'd want to speak.
But my! He had the dandies time
Although he'd fret and whine,
He didn't chop no kindlin' wood
For the longes, longes time.

I did though, I couldn't go
A fishing any more,
So I stumped my toe on purpose
An got it good an sore,
Then Eddie had to fetch the cows,

Why spose he couldn't talk.
That don't hurt one-half so bad
As if you couldn't walk.

GOIN' UP

Aint you kind a tired son?
Come git up on the wagon,
You'll never head the "Grand parade"
With streamers all a draggin'.

Things are bad, but they might be worse,
Depends on where you're headin'
I'd rather be alive and drive a Ford
Than fill a hearse, a dead on'.

The crookedest road will lead some place,
Long lanes all have an endin'
So take a spoon, and stir things up,
They surely are a mendin'.

Tack the pickets on the fence,
An git the gate to swingin',
Draw up the belt another notch
An git your ax to ringin'.

You'll find some dregs in every cup,
No matter what you're drinkin'.
Jest skim the cream from off the top,
Tastes better, I'm a thinkin'.

It's easy jest to drift along,
But when the rocks are showin',
To keep the course and swim you'll find
Will cause a lot of blowin'.

So blow your horn, I'll steer the bus,
We'll make it sure as shootin'.
We passed the place called Waterloo,
We're goin' up, a toot tootin'.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

HOW WILLIE'S PANTS GOT WET

I like to row, an' pull an oar
Sometimes your back gets purty sore,
A pullin' oars and bendin' so
Reminds me of the "Ohio."
I used to live there when a boy ,
An' mother too. Seems like no joy
Is half as good now she aint here
To share 'em. And the little tear
That will come down's jest got to stay
The hands that wiped 'em is put away.
The angry words, The mean things done
Can't be took back now she's gone.
I remember once I broke her rule
When she sent me off to Sunday School.
But down to the river my steps was bent,
To see the boats. My how they went.
I soon wuz pullin' in this posish
With great long sweepin' strokes—when swish
I slipped a lock and somethin' fell
I got right up too quick to tell
Fer I wuz in my Sunday best
An' that boat leaked. Wet? I guess.
My pantaloons wuz wet clean through,
An' I wuz round the back side too,
But I yanked 'em off to git 'em dry
'Fore I went home, but try and try
I couldn't git the blame things done
By dinner time, an' right in the sun.
When I got home, Ma knew a way
To git 'em dry. An' I must say
She warmed 'em up, with me in too
I thought the linin' 'ed split in two
En for a while I couldn't set
Down on my pants where they got wet.
But I like water same as you
To take a bath in, an' when you're through
If the water's cold, it makes you jump,
An' then your heart goes thumpty thump.
The circulation goes as fast
You can't tell where you rubbed it last.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

THE MULE'S SOLILOQUY

Mose was a cotton top darky of Old Kentucky, and he had for a companion a Kentucky jinny mule. They worked together, that is, they passed the time away together. Mose and his mule were inseparable, that is nearly so. There was only two things that could accomplish this feat, and they were a pair of feet.

Yes, the pair of heels belonged to the mule, the contact end was in a pair of pants. They belonged to Mose, and were always on because that was the only pair he had. And after a violent eruption between him and his little mule he was compelled to sit in the grass till the necessary repairs were made to his cotton patches that had suffered during the encounter. The rents and tears were like furrows plowed through a field.

After these were taken care of, he turned his attention to his anatomical posterior regions. I don't think they required any stitches to make them presentable, er, I mean serviceable, because Mose could not accomplish such a task unaided, and being a delicate subject, he preferred to give it his own personal attention.

You see the mules in Kentucky all go barefooted, and as their heels cause abrasions only, leaving parts of contact black and blue. In Mose's case I presume black was the prevailing color.

An application of some soothing ointment was all that was necessary, and while remaining sore for a while, he was soon in shape for the day's march, or rather equipped with a convenient resting place after the march of the day.

But going back to the story of the mule; (it's a shame to take a slam at the women folks if they are not here to defend themselves) but you have heard of the cause of man's downfall, wine and woman, but in Kentucky fast horses are sometimes responsible.

Now darkies can't afford fast horses, so their fancy turns to mules, and it's strange, that in choosing a mule partner there is a tendency toward jinnie mules rather than a jack. This may account for this one-sided conversation given and affirmed by Mose.

He said his little jinnie could understand what he said, minded better than his old woman, and could surely talk.

The following story is what Mose declares the mule said according to the revised version of the book of Moses, about the down-trodden mule. The traditional mule is always pictured with his feet up and under something else than his own weight, and are generally seen trodding up, instead of being down-trodden. Mose calls it—

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

"THE MULE'S SOLILOQUY"

Now there ain't no use a kickin' when they hitch you to
a plow,
An' keep you goin' round an' round, don't seem like sense
no how,
An' there ain't no use a kickin' when they put the muzzle
on,
Jest to keep a mule from bitin' off a little stalk of corn.
An' there ain't no use a geein' and a hawin' to a mule,
Fer 'bout that time they're bawkin', both the jackass an'
the fool.
Again, don't start to kickin' when they tie you to a cart
An' you're waistin' time a tryin' if you aim to make him
start.
For when a mule once gits a notion, it's might nigh bound
to stay
Better try a little coaxin' I doan know but I's built that
a way.
When they want's to go to meetin', Uncle Mose and
Sallie's folks,
Then's the time I have my inin', when I plays my little
jokes.
Down the road it am so muddy, folks say it do surely
stick,
Now's the time it pays to kick in. An' I do a little trick.
So I back up with my ears down. Mose is down with a
big black lash—
I put my hind feet in the buggy, when my heels go
through the dash.
An' I kick and I keep on kickin', somethin' doin' when I
kicks,
Mose, he keeps on beatin', and I kick between the licks.
When he's tired he starts a teasin', rubs my belly an'
pats my back,
An' tells me, "Be my little jinny, I doan want a jumpin'
jack."
Then I walk off pert and sprucy, jest as innocent an cool,
Like I was intendin' all along I's a gwine to school.
You know Mose is a shiny deacon in dat Baptist Sunday
School,
Doan swear none, but keeps a sayin', "Gol darn dat
omrny jinny mule."

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

FRIEND SHIP

Just a little parody on the names of a few intimate friends who compose the HAPPY BIRTHDAY crowd.

When one has a birthday we hie away to some park or "into the open" along the banks of Old Mississippi River.

There we build a camp fire and broil a steak, or with fried bacon and coffee we celebrate with a pot luck supper.

During winter months we gather at the home of a friend and just visit and play games, marking the mile stones in the game of friendly intercourse.

FRIENDSHIP

Come sail away to the park and play
Dull care is on the wane,
Its jolly ho, to live and know
Happy days are here again.

ALL ABOARD

The welcome call comes on the wire,
Ella's rounding up the bunch,
The Happy Birthday picnic crowd,
Invites you out to lunch.
We've a pilot, she who makes the pies,
And here's the favored crew,
The Sudlows, Eitemans, and Lamonts,
And a group from Moberg too.
There's Paulsons girls and Kruegers four,
The Boyds, they moved away,
Of course in making trips like ours,
Can't expect 'em all to stay.
There's Grandma Siegrist always comes,
An Ma and Jimmie Witter,
Ma says she can show the very place
An bumps where the skeeters bit her.
Now Grace and the Mattisons left the ship
And a family, name of Pickens,
What's left I guess is all on board,
And counted like the chickens.
We're off, Tra la sings out the mate,
Then a boat gives us a hail,
Look what we got, We stopped to lift
The Stambaughs over the rail.
We Sala way to a shady nook,
Where we camp in a greenwood isle,
There friend with friend in a friendly way,
We feast in gypsy style.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

Fleecy clouds float over head,
Green velvet is on our floors
The walls, festooned with swaying plumes
In our Grill Room out of doors.
Say, Charlie's had an accident,
His wait is round the Tonns,
He Myers down, We all detour,
With the roast beef and the buns.
Oliver gets the coffee jug,
We always let him pour,
He fills the cups, we empty 'em
And clamor for some more.
We fill our plates a time or two,
Know what I mean, an when
The cakes comes round for toppin' off,
There's a funny feeling then.
'Twas Reschke, but we took a chance,
If the buttons hold the things,
What the girls still pin their faith to most
Is safety pins and strings.
Though the skeeters bite we laugh and joke
Till twilight's on the wane,
Its jolly jest to live and know
A birth Daighs here again.
In-Clement weather? What care we
Though adverse winds may blow,
Our friend ship rides out any gale,
That's why we Lovett so.
Then store these happy times away,
In the ship's hold to retain
With fire light's magic and Lavender,
They unfold in sweet memories again.



A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

THE SEVEN LEGENDS OF THE UTES

Once in a very great while you will find in the solitary waste places of the Rockies a character who belongs away back in the stamping grounds of the early prospectors period of the pick, pan and shovel days of gold mining.

In their wanderings they have many strange tales to tell, many of them having been closely associated with the Indians have gleaned wierd and uncanny traditions of various tribes that have been handed down in unwritten language and signs, where a traveler through these historic lands would fail to get because a grunt and a sign from a wrinkled old Indian is meaningless to us.

The following picked up in rambles through remote places in the Rockies of Colorado years ago prompted the author to give his version in verse to add to the historic and scenic enchantment of Colorful Colorado, and to account in a measure for the many attractive features that everywhere abound.

One of the oldest, (a complete rainbow circle has been sometimes seen upon the ocean.) The Indian version is that in the famous Ute pass there once hung such a circle, and that a lake held captive in the mountain top broke away and leaped out over a precipice through the rainbow and carried the lower half with it, where it was lost in a rocky cave. An artist found it one day, or a pool of colors formed from the wreckage, and this he used, to paint the beautiful scenes that hang like pictures everywhere on mountainside canyon walls and waterfalls.

Another version of the rainbow is that a shooting star of light remained suspended in its flight, forming an archway, bridging dawn and twilight, and people traveled from one day to another by this magic stair.

An artist climbed the pathway one night placing garlands of flowers on the rise, and a star on the tread of each step, then draped a ribbon over all, and behold in the morning it became a rainbow of bright colors.

The gorgeous sunsets are explained by the accidental upsetting of the artist's pot of rainbow colors on the clouds by the sun as he journeyed home to his rest at the close of day, and as they drip through the rifts they make the magical changes and because of the different combinations no two sunsets are alike.

The Indians stand in awe of the sun, and worship it as a Deity. They could not understand why it always came to rest at the close of each day to the same place. It was to enable the artist to replenish the gold on the sun beams and tint the robes to be used in ushering in the coming dawn.

So the sun always sets in the West.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

THE GREAT MANITOU

Many of the picture writings left upon the rock walls contain stories of the sun.

All artists break loose from their sedate calling and go out for a frolic, and so this one of the Rockies had a jollification and played havoc with the Indians, animals, and scenery in his attempt to "paint up the town," and proves without doubt how the Silver Tip got paint on his tail, how the burro got a stripe, and the rocks their colors, and the rattlers their diamond markings.

He is responsible for the Columbine's blue coat, and the pine trees their needles, and the fleecy fringes on the clouds.

It explains vividly the process by which the beautiful colorings were wrought with the aid of the orenda (medicine or magic) of the painter of the Rockies. The great Manitou.

HOW THE BEAR GOT HIS SILVER TIP ROCKIES RHYMER ON A RAMPAGE

It was long, long ago, just how long I don't know
When half of the rainbow got lost;
But a sick painter found it, with a bunch of girls round it
In a pool where the bow had been tossed.
There was all kinds of colors, red and blue and some
others

And the maidens were dyeing their frocks,
Of the queer things he did, when the girls were all hid
You will find painted there on the rocks.

First he unhooked the pot from the end of the bow,
On the mountain he placed his cocked hat.
He used up the gold, for who'll ever know,
It will never be found, and that's that.
From the frocks he made flowers to brighten your bowers,
Now I'll show 'em a trick, maybe two.
What a change a little paint brings
And it's strange all the quaint things
It just shows what a painter can do.

He put gold on sunbeams, and silvered the moon
He sprinkled the stars up on high,
On the sky a little blue, on the columbine too,
And a frieze on the clouds going by.
In retouching a star, he reached a little too far,
In their holes went the paint, there's no doubt.
That the rattlers cross patched, and the lizzards were
scratched
As they wiggled and scraped getting out.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

His step-ladder slipped—His new smock got ripped
Couldn't fix it, for he didn't know how,
So he spotted the ponies, on the cacti stuck posies
Then he started an Indian pow wow.
How they whooped when they danced, and hopped as they
pranced,
The chief, he stood by looking grave,
They drank the red water, the chief's fairest daughter
Had left in her home of the brave.

He painted squaw's blankets, he speckled the trout,
Put streaks on the faces of men
He stained his white pants, on a hill of red ants,
He'll never go near them again.
The swift mountain sheep, saved his coat by a leap
But the bear got a tip on his tail,
The jack rabbit jumped, the bison he humped,
And both are still "hitting the trail."

He put stripes on the burro, down his back like a furrow
Who objected in accents quite plain.
But it's all hunk-a dory, for the bulk of my story,
Has the marks of a tale (tail) in the main (mane).
Though somewhat contrary this mountain canary
Knows his ropes, as he knoweth his air,
And the song of this bird whenever its heard
Gives proof that the sound is still there.

After "rocks and the rills, and the woods templed hills"
There was nothing else left but the sun,
And it slipped away, unfinished they say
For it set, with the painting half done.
Then said the painter as the sunlight grew fainter
I guess we will call it a day.
Though it may have been folly, It's been rather jolly
Where away then Old Scout, and away.

HOW SUNSETS ARE MADE

The descriptive verses tell of the strivings of any artist
to put a sunset on a canvas.

To reproduce a Colorado sunset is impossible. How
the painter makes them I have outlined in the Indian's
version "*How Sunsets Are Made.*"

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

HOW THE SUNSETS ARE MADE

Climbing the steeps a painter once reached
In a place where the snow drops grew
The end of the rainbow, and found an old pot
Filled with colors of every known hue.

Here at last were the shades he had oft tried to make
What landscapes with canyons and streams;
Each blossom a frock with bonnets to match,
And a sunset, these haunted his dreams.

He made little slippers that just fit the peas,
His needles he stuck on the pines.
From the sky took a bolt of rarest blue cloth
Made a coat for the pale columbines.

Old Sol came sailing on his homeward way
Making rifts in the clouds just to peep.
To be sure that the world was snug for the night
Ere he rolled in his blanket of sleep.

Startled, the painter upset his pot,
The color in brilliant cascade,
Is still dripping through the rifts and rents,
And that's how the sunsets are made.

In the springtime the flower mother marshals her kin
Each family appears just the same
Little Pansy, or Rose, may have a new dress,
But there's never a change in the name.

There's none can describe, naught can compare,
With a sunset's magical change,
Just a glimpse of glory as the scroll is unfurled,
In the glow of the last mountain range.

THE FIRST COLUMBINE

An artist asleep, in a wild rocky glen
He dreamed of a flower maiden fair,
And when he awaked the columbine shaped
With blue and lavender there.

Taking spurs from the riders of famed purple sage,
To add poise to the nod of the head.
He usurped the springs from the ranch equipage
And moss from the shade formed a bed.

Adding green from the pines and blue from the sky
To the mists at the cataract's brink,
Its shower of tears, he caught as it fell
For the rarest of flowers to drink.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

The rocks he then tinted with his Indian Paint
Brush,
Put caps on the mountain peaks brown,
A canopy of color was spilled over all,
When his palate was turned upside down.

Of fair lands and flowers, song and story can tell.
A land famed for sunshine and snow,
I could paint pictures too, If I only could dwell,
Where Colorado Columbines grow.

THE WRECK OF THE RAINBOW

A lake held high in the crags like a cup
Broke over its brim rimmed with snow.
A silver white arch in a veil of spray,
It sped to the canyon below.

In a pool of gay colors in a deep shady nook
It was found by an artist one day.
In its wild lofty leap the mad waters took
A half of the rain bow away.

He took from the rainbow the famed pot of gold
Where it swung like a bird in its bed.
With the gold he burnished the beams of the sun
Then he filled it with color instead.

He sprinkled the plain with red and white stars,
The clouds like Venetian boats,
Were blazed and fringed with laces and shawls,
The canyons like Joseph's famed coats.

When he had finished with mountain and plain
What once seemed so barren and brown,
Was all on parade in gala array,
With a medal, new coat, or a gown.

Then he hung the pot back in the bend of the bow
Where he lives, and it's never been found.
He visits the gardens dispensing his wares,
And his sunsets are known the world round.

When he dips his brush in the pot where it hangs
In the archway, a garland of flowers,
He's retouching the sunsets, and rainbows that fade,
When they're lashed by the wind and the showers.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

THE BIRTH OF THE RAINBOW

A shooting star in a veil of light
Had arched the sky one summer night.
Then all was still. The whole world sleeps.
When up the stairway softly creeps
O'er path that bridges night and day
And sunlight where the shadows play
From twilight till the dawn.

He marks the steps. The Break of Day.
Each rise a flower to show the way.
Each tread a star lest pilgrims fall,
Then drapes a ribbon over all,
For a flowered canopy.

Streaming in with regal train,
The sun comes marching through the rain,
He marches through in sturdy stride,
The arch, whose portals spreading wide
But frame a radiant morn.

Transformed, the wreath of bridal flowers
Refreshed by sun and sparkling showers.
He who climbed the magic stair
Had left the rainbow hanging there,
'Twas there the bow was born.

THE SUN RIDES HIGH

Peep Peep—Through rifts they leap,
The shooting shafts of grey and light.
Spikes from ancient battlements, and bars,
Like torches tipped from fading stars.
All marked the pathway through the night
Of the coming dawn.

Part the curtains, Awake! Awake!
Here rideth the day.

The glitter of beams now softly gleams
At the close of day. The circuit's run.
The clouds for his chariot. The sun rides high.
Changing robes as he arched the sky.
He reaches home. The day is done.
Tis the twilight hour.

Draw the shades. Sleep and dream.
Here abideth the night.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

TO A LITTLE PARK (In Illinois)

Rarest of gems nestled in with bright flowers,
Walled by steep rocks like sentinel towers,
To guard and to shade from our sight,
The trees and the greens bend o'er for a cover
Shading a nest as the wings of a plover,
So the shadows may play with the light.

A garden run wild, where the cedars are growing,
On a carpet of green, by a stream gently flowing,
On its way to a river somewhere.
With the music and rhythm as with twists and with turns,
In its bed edged with moss and a tangle of ferns.
Then is lost round the bend over there.

The columbines nod in a shy friendly greeting,
While the perfume is freighted on the wind for our meet-
ing

In this nook where the fairies must dwell.
Just to drowse and to dream, let the world go its way,
Let my soul share the beauty of Thee for today.
For the morrow, where it leads, who can tell?

Then as sweet as the blossoms that cling to the walls
Just as clear as the stream, with its tiny water falls,
As it gurgles and splashes along.
May memory's fair picture of Thee ever stay
With splashes and ripples as we march on our way,
To the air of a poor poet's song.

A SUMMER GIRL

A shady nook, beside a brook,
My love and I were wooing;
The words we guessed; I gently pressed
Her. Doves o'erhead were cooing.

A dainty head, brown tresses spread
A mouth—'twas most alluring.
Soft eyes of blue drooped, yet I knew
Their glances were assuring.

Could I be blamed, my love untamed?—
Such ecstasy in kissing.
Now, "I'll be blamed," my love is tamed,
My summer girl is missing.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

MY COLUMBINE—IN A LITTLE CABIN HOME

It was there that I first met you, 'neath the pines,
Seeking where to find the bluest columbines.
It was there love found a way, dear, what was in my
heart to say,
When you promised you would share my cabin home.

Was there ever such another blue in eyes,
Matched only by the Colorado skys.
Let us take our love together to a cabin in the lea.
Plant a garden just of roses 'round our home.

'Tis the swaying of the pine trees that I hear.
Love's first kiss that I remember, dearest dear.
Just a June time there alone, dear, could for all life's ills
atone
Could I have you and a little cabin home.

'Do you know how much I love you? Do you care? Do
you mind?
How it takes away the sting of all that grinds
'Tis your love that ever keeps me, as I climb the moun-
tain steep
Just to reach a little cabin that is home.

Chorus:

In the heart of the Rockies let me roam.
In your heart, little flower, let me dwell.
With the roses for a tether
Let us bind our love together,
And through fair and stormy weather,
Just stay home.

CIDER SONG

'Tis the song of the mill making cider,
In a land of the long long ago,
Of a man and a maid, who were lost in the shade
In a woodland where sweet apples grow.

It was made from a quince or an apple
In a mill 'neath an old apple tree
Whether apples or quince, we've had love an' cider since
Will you dance and drink cider with me.

Chorus:

Come join me in song
As you journey along
Come walk in love's garden with me,
Take a sip or a sup
From my lips or my cup;
Come and drink apple cider with me.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

SHOE STRING AND THE SHOE

Once there lived a little shoe string
In a shoe store with a shoe
Whose sole was sad and heavy
As he did this maiden woo.

Mine eyes are for you only
Sang the shoe love to his lace
Come closely entwine your life in mine
'Twould be one long embrace.

CHORUS

Oh you've got no kick a coming Mr. Shoe, Mr. Shoe,
For long have I been loving only you, only you,
I'm but a dainty pair of strings,
With a heart as light as wings,
I've been waiting for a lover shoe to tie me.
I'm but a dainty pair of strings,
With a heart as light as wings
And I dearly love to have a man to buy me.

Now you know there's lots of mating
Done in shoe stores in the spring,
And Oh the pain and misery
The misfit mates can bring.

But this pair lived quite happily,
A priest came in to buy
And gently drew their lips close to
And the sacred knot did tie.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

COLORADO

TRIBUTE

*From Ohio River's bottom lands
By a Hoosier's pen, a few odd lines,
To Colorado's mystic manitou,
Her azur'ed skies and columbines.*

ATTRIBUTE

To snowy spires and sunny plains,
I attribute inspiration.
At best, the poor returns you'll find,
Are but an imitation.

CONTRIBUTE

I borrowed from her gorgeusness,
And awe, from silent places.
Fringe I've taken from the clouds,
To match my-lady's laces.

CONTRIBUTION

To make amends, I thus create,
A problem past solution,
Restoring treasure that I took
To call it a contribution.

KAINTUCKY

If'n you find a place to match it,
Why youall sure is mighty lucky.
An' if'n you do, why dat aint nothin',
It wont be like Ole Kaintucky.
The mornin' sun he comes a bowin',
Sayin' howdy. Your mighty right
He comes again in de evenin',
When he dips to say good-night.

We got two little shoats a fattenin'
Close by in de hickory lot.
An' thars corn enuff in a clearin'
Fer the winter's hominy pot.
An' a possum round somewhar a waitin',
To be cetched to fill de chinks.
An' a pipe, an' all the smokein's,
When your' restin' while you winks.

Even de Lawd, He stops His chariots,
As dey travel through de sky.
With de little chill'en ridin'
In His train a goin' by.
He lets 'em down to spread de blossoms,
On de folks dats laid to res'.
Why dis land in Ole Kaintucky
Give me it. Fer it's de bes'.

A HOOSIER'S RHYMES

TO THE LATE MR. GROUNDHOG

Say, Ole Mr. Groundhog, Whar you be?
Hidin' in a round log seems to me,
Er away down South whar the sunshine is,
An' us folks doubled with the rheumatiz.

Whar's dat Spring you said wuz near?
Jest 'round the corner, It hain't been here.
'Stead a spadin' garden, I's a shovelin' snow,
'Stead of smilin' sunshine, why it's two below.

But we got plenty weather, so you needn't come back,
It's prognosticated in de almanac.
Stay down in your hole, your tombstone's built,
On de front it reads in letters of gilt—

"Here lies Mr. Groundhog, in a groundhog's lot,
As de flower in de field is, in de oven is not,
No more deceivin', no more to fool,
Now, There jest ain't no such animule.

He lied when he's livin', He lies now he's dead,
That's what the figgers on the tombstone said.
Reckon he went to heben? Oh no, no,
Ef you lie like a groundhog, you go way down below.

FAREWELL

Farewell,

A wandering soul found kindred mate,
Each yearned love's sweet embrace.
They only said farewell, for Fate
Decreed that they should part,
Yet love each other.

Farewell.

Was it to spend few blissful hours,
Becalmed on life's great sea?
Was it to blight these souls of ours,
Or snugly lash our barks
And sail forever?

Farewell.

Sweet memories. Oh why retain
In psychic fringe of dream?
Had we not met, no sting of pain.
'Twas best. It was to be
Farewell forever.

Farewell.

There's none can know how partings steep
The heart in bitterness,
But he whom fate has caused to weep,
Apart in sadness live
Alone forever.

BOONVILLE PRESS CLUB

Boonville, Indiana, April 14, 1933

My dear Mr. Lavender: Have just finished reading your two poems: "What Marks the End of Mothers Day," and "Mother's" and I am deeply impressed by them. The sentiment expressed in both of them have real power to move the heart-strings. I am sure that every "grown up" boy that reads both poems will feel that tug and will remember mother and think of what she means to him.

I wish you success with both poems. They deserve it. With sincere wishes, I am

—Ernest W. Owen—President, Boonville Press Club

AUGUSTANA SCHOOL OF ORAL EXPRESSION

March 4, 1933

It is not so much what you say, as it is how you say it, which counts with an audience.

The charm of the Hoosier rhymes lies in the interpretation of them. The composition of them results from a mingling of abbreviations of words used by the easy-going people of the Southland, with the dialect of the colored people. The ability to write them and read them with adequate expression is an inherited rather than an acquired accomplishment.

Mr. Will Lavender, who was born as far south in Indiana as possible and yet retain the distinction of being a Hoosier, inherited this gift of composition and interpretation as his birthright. His program of original rhymes and humorous stories of boyhood days away down there in Indiana is sure to please any audience fortunate enough to hear it. Every number rings with truth and sincerity and inspires as well as entertains those who hear it.

—Iva C. Pearce, Head of Speech Department, Augustana College

Des Moines, Iowa

As Mr. Will Lavender was formerly a Hoosier he recalls the wording of ideas which is interesting to many people.

Mr. Lavender is a man of strong character and cooperates with the best citizens to improve humanity through civic organizations and personal sympathy. He presents truths in comic expression which is one method that is interesting. Written material that has valuable content and is interesting will have a valuable effect.

—A. J. Burton, a Former Hoosier Schoolmaster, Director and Principal East Eighth

ROCK ISLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

April 5, 1933

Dear Mr. Lavender: I have heard you read some of your poems and I think the men in the Rock Island Kiwanis Club would like to hear you tell some of your experiences and read the poems which you have written.

The poems are characteristic of many phases of Hoosier life and they indicate that you have an understanding of the deeper things in human nature. I am quite sure the program would be much appreciated by the whole group.

—Owen B. Wright, Chairman of Prog. Comm. of Rock Island Kiwanis Club

WITTER AND WALKER
Attorneys-at-Law

April 18, 1933

To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that I have been intimately acquainted with Will Lavender of this city for several years and I regard him very highly.

He is a poet of marked ability, and is a very fine entertainer. I believe he will be assured a place on the Lyceum platform. I remain

—J. F. Witter

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Rock Island, Ill., April 24, 1933

To Whom It May Concern: I have heard Mr. Will Lavender in his readings of original Hoosier dialect and quaint philosophizing. I, personally, have enjoyed his reading and I believe his work will be quite popular with the general public.

Mr. Lavender is a Christian gentleman. His readings are chosen with fine discrimination and are of high idealism without any possibility of taint or offense. His personal integrity is above reproach. I commend Mr. Lavender and his programs to any who desire an evening of good, clean, entertainment.

—Rev. Ernest J. Campbell

MOTHERS

What marks the end of a Mother's Day,
It isn't done when the prayers are said,
All the hopes, the love, and the longings,
Are wrapped in a boy to be tucked into bed.

LET WINTER COME

When the leaves is turnin' yellor,
An the apples is gitten' red.

NEIGHBORS

'Taint what you get, sometimes it's a givin'
What makes you be happy, an a neighbor to me.

FRIENDSHIP

Some folks and us, we hie away,
To a nook in a green-wood isle,
There friend with friend, in a friendly way,
We feast in gypsy style.

MOTHERS

God just lends 'em to us fer a while,
He calls 'em home, and then
The spirit of their sacrifice to us
He gives, that we might carry on, an' thus
We children get 'em back again,
To treasure in our hearts fer keeps.

PUBLICATIONS

- Thoughts that Come in the Night.....50c
Rock Island in Story and History.....25c
(Paper cover Indian design 30 Ills.)
When the Hot Water Bottle Leaks at
Night (a folder. humorous monolog).....10c
A Hoosier's Rhymes and Colorado
Legends50c
My Colorado Columbine Girl
(A song of the pines and columbines.)

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OR THE

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DANSE DES MORTS,

—OR—

MACABRE DANCE.

DEDICATION.

This Poem was written CERTIS
DE CAUSIS, and is affectionately in-
scribed to my "Dear Cousins," whose
fates are within it decreed.

FORMOSE PUER.

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

As I walked out one lonesome starlit night,
I had a vision which was not a vision,
And of this walk oft-times I've made derision,
E'en if around me did play many a spright,
And what I saw, God grant was a great sight,
And what it was, was hard for a decision.
But crashing bones made many a loud collision,
And darting eyes could scarcely trace their flight;
Some rose from out the water, some the ground
Some sailed athwart th' ethereal vault of blue,
Some only made a strangling gurgling sound,
Some roared like distant thunder as they flew;
Some were strange aspects as they passed around,
And some were goblins that I surely knew.

THE FATES,

OR

THE DANCE ON THE LETHE.

My readers may regard me as a very presumptuous man, but I can not help it, and after the *literati* of Crawfordsville, Indiana, away in the misty future, have experienced what I have attempted to describe, they will quietly acquiesce with me, and place a feather in my cap. They may now claim that I am possessed with *his satanic majesty*, or the idiosyncrasy peculiar to a monomaniac, neither can I help that, but Crawfordsville talent is too precious to be wasted, and too popular to be hissed from the stage of public favor, and I would not do one thing intentionally to retard the progress of that noble band of literary aspirants. I only wish to show them that when we meet in the "sweet bye and bye" that I am correct, and when the Lethe disgorges its vast multitude, Crawfordsville will be represented as described. I have caused this to be published, not with malice toward anyone, but guided only by pure motives, and the *muses*. He who has never gazed out upon the dark-rolling Lethe of fancy, has never enjoyed the pleasure of a deep and sweet reverie.

Some uncontrollable feeling came over me, and I was permitted to look away over yonder into the future, and behold that contemporary line of poetic writers, that this *Dear Athens* (Crawfordsville) prides herself so much of. When my fancy gazed out upon the waters, it saw millions of fairy aspects, at first they appeared to be mere shadows, phantoms or what not, but I had not gazed long however, till those shadows had grown into human skeletons, and each skeleton carried a wand or banner, with name engraven thereon, as candidate for the rank it thought it merited. I was permitted to see just as the noble representatives of Crawfordsville were receiving their commission for their reward. Among them I noticed, Mayfield, Krout, Thompson and Lew Wallace. Occasionally I would get a glimpse of the Wabash Po—t, Clodfelter, but he did not appear to figure very conspicuously.

I hold that there is but a small space between *heaven* and true poets. They are rare, and like the heavenly dove that flies upon the same exalted level, and never touches the earth:—It is only one time in many millions, that genius arrives with us to live forever. Some few may set eternal stars over our heads, many others may scatter delicious flowers along our pathway, fragrant and beautiful in the morning to wither away in the first noonday sun.

You will perceive in the order of arrangement (which is just as I saw it,) that the judgment is by turns administered, and from the representatives of Crawfordsville, Frank Mayfield will be the first to arise on the waters and appear before the judgment seat of St. Peter.

He will struggle with the tide,
 And the muses by his side,
 Will but place him on the sand,
 With a meter in his hand;
 Then with Harp's *Aolian* note,
 He will row his fairy boat,
 When the softest chords will flow,
 Over those that sleep below;
 There will bony fingers creep
 Then from out the rolling deep,
 And with rattling bones around,
 He will strike a doleful sound,
 And their requiem he will chime,
 In a sort of "Runic Rhyme."
 Ere their sweetest cadence dies,
 All those creaking bones arise,
 In a circle fast around,
 Keeping time to ev'ry sound;
 In the midst our minstrel stands,
 Musing there with sweeping hands,
 O'er the Syren Harps he woke,
 And the bones to whom he spoke,
 With many a gurgling splatter,
 And a kind of clitter-clatter,
 Dance the skeletons aright,
 Till the "wee sma' hours o' night,"
 When one of the "Tuneful Nine,"
 Seeing Frank on the decline,
 Gently stepped upon the water;
 Just think that lovely daughter!

There with him dancing by, on the bosom of the Lethe,*
 Where the flow'ry walks are grand, and all beauty seems to
 breathe,

*For rhythm I pronounce this "Leeth" as a monosyllable and to give my
 "Dear Cousins" a chance for an inflection. "Gods, don't." I hear them say,
 t here are plenty of chances for inflections in this drowsy *cant* produced by
 s ome poor sickly muse. But never mind and use this also,

There all minstrels gently join, as they mount their Great Pegasus,*

And with winged speed, they flee to the gorgeous Mount Parnassus.

Frank, he went up all alone,
 To St. Peter on his throne,
 Just to hear his fair decision,
 E'n if it were derision,
 But he was a "boss old boy,"
 And he filled Frank's heart with joy;
 He didn't believe in aristocracy,
 And abhorred all Pantisocracy,
 But Frank made a jerking bow,
 To his angelship, just how,
 I do not mind, but know,
 It was ten degrees or so;
 When St. Peter said, "begin,
 Tell the truth if you would win.
 An eternal place, and name,
 On the mountain top of fame,
 So Mayfield I pray be out,
 And tell all you wrote about,
 "Well, says Frank, if I must say,
 I once wrote a little lay,
 But the subject I can't give,
 Just now, yet, it will live,
 For I wrote it all the same,
 "On the border line of fame."†
 Then the cherubs all around,
 Made their golden trumpets sound,

*My Dear Cousins please pardon this, you can throw the accent on the first syllable if you desire.

†Frank Mayfield in the Indianapolis Herald, Jan., 1880.

"I stand where poets all have stood,
 Just on the border line of fame."

Ah! Frank did you finally get there?

With a kind of laugh and riot,
 That the St. could hardly quiet;
 'Is that, sir, all you wrote?'
 'No,' piped Frank's husky throat,
 'But if I can now rely,
 On my memory I'll try,
 I wrote "No Irish need apply."*
 St. Peter jumped in haste,
 Crack'd his heels and backward paced,
 Well done my boy, well done,
 You are a fav'rite son,
 Pass on awhile and wait,
 Thro' that little golden gate,
 And you soon shall know your fate,
 Frank, he passed as if he'd sinned,
 While St. Peter only grinned,
 Clapped his hands upon his side, }
 And in thunder tones he cried, }
 There's a poet true and tried. }
 On the towering mountain high,
 Basking in the sunny sky,
 Sits our hero.†

But arise!
 Cries a seraph from the skies,
 And then in a moment rears,
 A bleached form that's been for years,
 In the depths with the forsaken,
 Till some cherub form hath taken,
 Off the veil, and who is he!
 The alabaster form that we see:

*Frank Mayfield in Crawfordsville Journal. This certainly rivaled his celebrated paw paw poem. Yet Frank can make "jam up" poetry out of paw paws.

†Frank feels good, he is now enjoying the acme of his fame, and looks down upon his contemporaries with contempt. He has tasted of the clear draught of immortal fame, and likes the potion. No one can enjoy this more than my Dear Cousin Frank.

Then with a gentle clatter,
 And a "splitter, splatter splatter,"
 Dance the fairies jigs and reels,
 And there in the center wheels,
 Maurice Thompson with his lyre,
 There amid the bony choir;
 Independent never "carin."
 If he did kill the white heron,*
 And it made him thus immortal,
 His muse they can not startle,
 But with a huge grimace,
 And a white, and bony face,
 He struck his sweetest notes,
 And the fairies in their boats,
 When they could not stand no more,
 With their gently dipping oar,
 Rowed our Maurice to the shore;
 His Pegassus he strode,
 And in flying speed he rode,
 To the monarch of the mountains,
 And the pure inspiring fountains,
 There he enters thro' the gate,
 To his holy high estate,
 Muttering some perfect meter,
 As he first meets old St. Peter.†
 "Welcome Maurice, welcome to thee!"
 Cries St. Peter in a great glee,
 "Come up to the judgment seat,
 And your busy life repeat!"
 "Well my judge, my life was busy,
 (But my head's a little dizzy,)
 Tho' I wrote but in prosaics,

*See his Witchery of Archery, "The Death of the White Heron."

†The meeting of Cousin Maurice and St. Peter, will be long remembered, although Maurice seemed to be somewhat embarrassed owing to the peculiar rattle of his bones, yet he behaved wonderfully nice.

All the Hoosierdom Mosaics.*
 And 'tis strange the works which shame us,
 Very often make us famous;"
 "But no time now for debating,
 Many more outside are waiting,
 And we want no pompous diction,
 Cries St. Peter, nor no fiction!"
 "Well, dear Sir, I wrote some "Witchery,"
 And some "Archery" and some "Whichery,"
 And much more I wrote for Harper,
 But perhaps for Scribner, sharper,
 And let me tell you no disaster,
 Come from any poetaster,
 That my muse e'er brought to birth,
 Which I think proves well my worth;"
 Peter could sit still no longer,
 Rose and said, but "few write stronger,
 Just step thro' that golden gate,
 And there be content to wait,
 Till archangels fix your fate."†
 He then passed the golden portal,
 Where he hoped to be immortal,
 Then his jaded horse he spurred,
 And his eyes they blinked and blurred,
 As his ears they overheard,
 Frank Mayfield's tuneful lyre,
 And his mountain reed up higher;
 Then he goes up to the throne,
 Where Frank sitteth all alone,
 With a whoop he tries to pass,
 But alas! alas! alas!

*See his Hoosier Mosaics.

†Maurice felt good, and indeed would have been happy had it not been for the obstruction thrown in his path just through the little gate.

For a struggle there ensues for high rank.*
 Leaping back with a mere shiver,
 As he draws out from his quiver,
 The fatal shaft, and from his bow,
 Comes a twang, and down below,
 He "plumps" poor Frank.
 There to Maurice on his throne,
 Harps on Hourii,† all alone,
 And no ears e're drank such strains, as she
 sweeps the golden strings,
 Calling cherubs here and there, with her golden
 rustling wings,

Poor Mayfield after being "plumped" off of the mountain (what a pity it was, that he was not an archer too) becoming envious and jealous of his contemporary, ran zigzag along a mighty tairn, when a cherubs sword arose from the mere, seizing it with giant grip wheeled and threw it. The pointed silver flashed splendor through the Moon's silvery sheen, as on it went head-long, perpendicular, whirling in an arch around with fatal vengeance to anything with which it might come in contact. Sweeping and cropping shrubs as if hurled by some Titan of old. On, on it goes vengeance like, directed with impetuous speed toward the vital spark sur-

*This was a long and severe struggle for the mastery, at times it was hard to determine which would have to yield, but Maurice, having an archers experience, finally took advantage of his wiry antagonist and hurled him down the awful abyss, pierced thro' and thro' by his certain arrow and poor Cousin Mayfield's fame was not a fixed certainty.

†Maurice Thompson may congratulate himself for the prospective pleasure of living in sweet communion with that black-eyed Nymph of Paradise; and now my Dear Cousin let new vanities swell in your bosom. Only a little lapse of 1000 years now separate you.

rounded by the bony form of Maurice, but ere it had reached its wonderful destination, a sturdy cherub seeing the fatal mark of its intended terminus, leaped like a meteor into its well directed route, seizing it by the hilt, brandished it twice over his head at each time crying vengeance on him who hurled this implement of war, then raising it in a semicircle obliquely, let fly the silvery weapon from whence it had proceeded. On, on, it goes leaving a trace of fire behind it, as if hurled by the hand of Juno, till alas, poor Mayfield it struck about midriff, knocking him into the casket of oblivion, where he may take his calm repose forever, and naught but mortal dare intrude. When the bony forms of the Lethe arise, and on goes the dance.

From beneath the sullen water,
 Rose a fair and lovely daughter,
 And there in a circle 'round,
 Many legions doth abound,
 From the bosom of the Lethe,*
 Many faries show'd their teeth.
 Terpsichore upon the sand,
 Gave the rattling bones command,
 Hornpipes, jigs and reels were spun.
 And many slow cotillions run,
 Legions from the river reared,
 Myriads in it disappeared.
 Then two gentle forms arose,
 As if from a long repose,
 And no ears e'er drank such chimes,
 ("Ceptin" those who've heard their rhymes.)
 As they struck upon the wires,

*Tautology! tautology!! Please cry it aloud.
 And bring as you cry it my faint muse's shroud.

Of their well attuned lyres,
 But as spirits now adore us,
 We'll proceed to sing the chorus,
 Roared the River clashed the bones,
 Chimed the Harps and crashed the tones,
 Every sound was in its place,
 Ev'ry fairy moved with grace,
 Not a discord broke the spell,
 All was music in the dell,
 Some would wake, and some would sleep,
 Some would dance, and some would weep,
 Some would laugh, and some would cry,
 Some would heave, and some would sigh,
 Roared the River burst the tones,
 Beat the water with their bones,
 Every crash and gentle chime,
 Was within its proper time:
 Till one of the "Nine,"
 Came down from above,
 In her plumage so fine,
 And her spirit of love,
 She gazed as they danced,
 With devotional care,
 And her soul was entranced,
 O'er the musical air,
 And she magic'ly rowed,
 From the billowy strand.
 To the one that she loved,*
 With a harp in her hand,

*"Beautiful Venus! with thy hair of light,
 And dazzling eyes of glory; in whose form
 The charm of earth's least mortal daughters grow.
 To an unearthly stature; in an essence of pure elements,
 While the hues of youth carnationed like a sleeping infant's
 cheek
 Rocked by the beatings of a mother's heart, etc., etc.,
 Or the rose tints, etc., etc.,."

My Dear Cousin Mary how vividly I thought of these lines when I saw
 fair Venus pilot you up to the temple of fame.

And I gazed thro' the night,
 At the dance on the wave,
 As the pale melting light,
 Lit the lone empty grave,
 With the wings of the wind.
 They arose from the Lethe,
 Leaving cherubs behind,
 In an ambient wreath.

And as fair Venus balanced herself upon the silvery waters by the side of the author of "Little Brown Hands" to direct her to the mountain of fame—down beneath the bubbling waves in a great circumambient wreath sank the fairies, and on the swift wings of the blast go the two, Mary Hannah Krout, and Venus, thro' infinite vistas of space, from the flowery bosom of the Lethe to the great mountain of Parnassus. The way up the rugged mountain was as pleasant as pageantry could make it. The rocks were all covered with the fairest tapestry. Hundreds of fairy barks floated gallantly upon the Lethe, with their banners shining splendor, and glassing themselves in the silvery waters. Her pathway along the fair valleys were strewn with delicious flowers, by the hand of cherubs, till the whole mountain seemed bathed in their fragrance. On, on, they go up the towering mountain, directed by the sweet and gentle cadence of Maurice's heavenly lyre, till the whole atmosphere seemed flavored with its undying vibrations. They go on and on, unnoticed till

they come within a cubit of his golden throne—an instant more, and all is still, but on looking above they behold him gazing down on them with one of those grins peculiar to cherubs of his rank, and in a fit of dissatisfaction they hear his bugle blow which rallies dreadful cherubim to ranks of war, but on gazing down the second time and beholding the legions hastening to the aid of the author of "Little Brown Hands." he disperses his army and shrinks into a dark and dreary cave content to let Mary Hannah occupy a higher position upon the mountain than himself. So on she goes unmolested—She comes to a table-land paved with gold where all the rocks were disguised by some extrinsic attributes of fancy's dress, and drapery decked with diamonds and crystals were hanging from the mighty gorges of the mountain as if suspended by the hands of angels, for the passage of divine footsteps. There upon her throne sits she musing with the divine messengers of heaven, calling them around her in shoals, by the heavenly strains of her undying lyre.

When a voice cried, arise!*
 And peeped many hollow eyes,
 From beneath the rolling wave,
 Which so long had been a grave.
 Then they all began to dance,
 O'er the River's broad expanse,
 And their gnashing teeth would clatter,
 To the tune of "chitter chatter,"

*Just who this was giving command I cannot exactly say but it appeared to be flavored with the usual egotism of—— but never mind, the cadence of that voice was divine.

As they run the graceful Schottische,
 It appeared a little Scottish,
 As they round and round did canter,
 It made me think of "Tam O Shanter,"
 Yawning grave yards belched their bones,*
 "Ceptin" those that turned to stones,
 Coffins, 'rose from out the ground,
 To the clitter clatter sound,
 Death robes floated in the air,
 With relics from the golden stair,
 Coffins stood upon the end,
 Skeletons looked out and grinned;
 Reader, shrink from such a feature,
 If you are a scary creature,
 For it certainly is awful,
 And I'm sure it's hardly lawful,
 To thus sing of such a sight,
 Yet I can but think it right,
 For some poor ungodly sinner,
 May expect to be the winner,
 Like Clodtelter,† who will try,
 To pass contemporaries by,
 And he'll give his talent scope,
 When he's not an earthly hope;
 But as I have been inspired,
 It is your time to be lyred,
 By the harp with golden strings,
 Cherubs touch with magic wings;
 I'm aware that some may prank me,
 But I trust, that more will thank me,
 For all this advice I've given,

*I am indeed anxious that my readers shall understand this. I believe in close descriptions of such scenes. It was a scary sight indeed, just imagine, what bravery it took to stand and behold such a scene—I done so—Ego!

†Gods! what a name to rhyme on, 'Tis hard to tell which would bring more credit his verse or name.



Coffins rose from out the ground
To the clitter clatter sound,
Death robes floated in the air
With relics from the golden stair:
Coffins stood upon the end,
Skeltons looked out and grin'd.

(Page 19.)

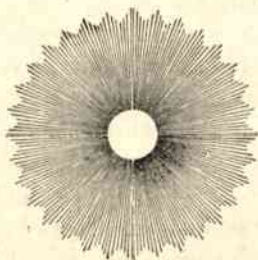
As they knew not where to place him,
 Lest their judgment might disgrace him,
 Some one said by Victor Hugo,
 Others argued not to do so,
 But beside his favorite Irving,
 Was the place of his deserving.
 Then they placed him on Pegassus.*
 With command to sweep Parnassus,
 Of all Crawfordsville small folk,
 That on earth could only croak,
 Such as Thompson, Mayfield, Krout,
 Leaving little "Cloddy" out.†
 From the worthy of the fold,
 By himself, so chill and cold.

The General's reception was a grand affair, for he had no more than dismounted, when thousands of cherubs appropriately equipped came in cavalcades superb, in unbroken lines of splendor, distinguished by those insignia of the Great General's favor, holding in each hand a mace of gold, and striving to attract the attention of the distinguished comer. Around the curve wheels a golden chariot drawn by snow white palfreys embroidered in beautiful gold trappings. The chariot was as famous as it was beautiful, for it had drawn up this gorgeous mountain the immortelles from the early existence of the world, and in it were seated, Hugo, Scott, and Irving. When he entered this rare chariot, they advanced and placed about him, an endless wreath of evergreens, beaded with rare diamonds, as a welcome, and emblematic of his eternal fame. On, on, they go up the steep mountain, till they pass the her-

*"Little Cloddy" Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

†Excuse me my Dear Cousins.

mit home of Maurice, who comes out to greet his old comrade and contemporary, but ere he had approached two paces toward him, the gulf of oblivion draws in, and swallows him up, and alas! and alas! poor Maurice is no more, and so passeth Mary Hannah Krout, and the world is the same as if they had never lived in it Pity, Thompson, Krout and Mayfield, for all their efforts were fruitless, and Clodtelter, the most pitiful aspect of the fold, only arrives at the mere of the mountain to have fingers pointed at him, when he slinks back to his *natural* place of abode content to go down with the plebian of the world, and thus we learn that in the final ending of all things, only one from Crawfordsville is to eternally represent her, and that is the author of B.—H.—which is as eternal as the spirit that wrote it.



E P I T A P H .

Gaze on this spot of sorrow, gaze again
 Behold the sleeping dust that still remain
 The spoils of time, and plant the steeping tear,
 Above the mortal relique lying here.
 They done their best, 'twas all we could expect,
 They sought what nature never did direct,
 And courted all the muses for the strain,
 They longed to sing, but always sung in vain,
 They were so much like Pope (except in name),
 'They gasped for numbers, but no numbers came;
 They were the friends of vain ambition—still
 And poured forth strains obedient to their will;—
 Tho' like the pond that sleeps low in the vale,
 Unmoved except by some mere passing gale,
 It soon grows slimy and returns to vapor,
 Like thoughts they left upon much wasted paper;
 This dust is theirs, think kindly as you pass,
 For it must rest an unforgotten mass;—

But yet we'll harp their praises as they rest'
 What more could we expect—they done their best.

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I N D I A N A

God crowned her hills with beauty,
Gave her lakes and winding streams,
Then He edged them all with woodlands
As the settings for our dreams.
Lovely are her moonlit rivers,
Shadowed by the sycamores,
Where the fragrant winds of Summer
Play along the willowed shores.
I must roam those wooded hillsides,
I must heed the native call,
For a Pagan voice within me
Seems to answer to it all.
I must walk where squirrels scamper
Down a rustic old rail fence,
Where a choir of birds is singing
In the woodland ... green and dense.
I must learn more of my homeland
For it's paradise to me,
There's no haven quite as peaceful,
There's no place I'd rather be.
Indiana ... is a garden
Where the seeds of peace have grown,
Where each tree, and vine, and flower
Has a beauty ... all its own.
Lovely are the fields and meadows,
That reach out to hills that rise
Where the dreamy Wabash River
Wanders on ... through paradise.

Arthur Franklin Mapes,
Kendallville, Indiana

The above poem was adopted as Indiana's official poem by
the 1963 Indiana State Legislature, 93rd Session.

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POEMS OF THE MESSAGE

by

J. B. Thayer

University of Fairbanks Main Library

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POEMS ^{OF} _{THE} MESSAGE

by

J. B. Thayer



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

Bloomington, Indiana

June, 1938

Life Sketch

Anticipating that those who read these simple rhymes might desire to read a brief sketch of the author, I shall endeavor to narrate a few incidents of my life.

I was born on April 20, 1856, in Davis County, Indiana.

My father descended from one of two brothers who came over on the Mayflower.

My mother had six sisters and three brothers. Her father was a Baptist preacher.

Of all the gifts I'm thankful for,
Barring every single other,
Except the gift of Jesus Christ,
It is my Christian mother.

I was converted to Christ at the age of sixteen, and am now past eighty-two. I have never doubted, although I come far short at times of living a true Christian life. I have never doubted my genuine conversion, and have never broken a promise made at that time—never to lose an opportunity to testify for my Saviour.

I embraced the faith and doctrine of the Seventh-day Adventists when about 24 years old, and have adhered to this precious faith ever since.

My experience testifies to the truthfulness of the Scripture which says: "The path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

My faith grows stronger and my hopes grow brighter as the days go by. I can say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight," and have almost finished my course, and believe there is a crown of life laid up for me at that day.

I entered the colporteur work first in the State of Kansas. I worked several counties, and finally the Kansas Conference sent me South under the management of Elder H. F. Harrison, now deceased, and we located first in Shreveport, Louisiana.

I secured by the help of God, over seven thousand subscriptions for "Bible Readings for the Home Circle," besides many other books. I used all I earned, except tithe and freewill offerings to get an education.

I was very happy while engaged in the colporteur work, and could tell of many precious experiences, how the Lord went before me.

I believe it will be to the glory of God to give a brief account of an accident that happened to me in the year 1928.

I was riding at high speed, a fine saddle horse, at night, in Bloomington, Indiana, going west on First Street. A man driving a car going south on Rogers Street at the rate of about 40 miles an hour, hit the horse in his side. I saw we were going to collide. I shut my eyes, and said good-bye world, and expected nothing but instant death. I felt calm and cool, and was not frightened.

The next thing I knew, I heard a man say, "Take him to the hospital; he is badly hurt. I opened my eyes, and saw a large group of people. I said, "Did it kill the horse?" Some one said, "No." I said, "Can he stand on his feet?" Some one said "Yes." I asked, "Are there no legs broken?" Some one said, "No." I had no pain until they began to move me. I then said, "Please do not let me fall, for if you do, I'll go to pieces." I felt as if my skin was all that held me together.

To make a long story short—it put me in the hospital seven months, minus seven days. About four months I lay at the point of death. I had no appetite, and was reduced to almost a skeleton. I suffered intensely, and prayed that if it were God's will, I might die. I begged for sour milk, and as soon as I got it, I took on flesh and underwent three major operations.

Ever since my conversion, I have believed Romans 8:28, which reads as follows: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." It seemed like presumption to believe this terrible suffering would work for my good. I remembered that Hebrews 11:1 defines faith as follows: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Therefore, I believed God could, and would work all this for my good although I could not then get an idea how He would do it. When we put Romans 8:28 with Hebrews 11:1 and know that we do really love God, then it is a sin not to believe.

I knew that God knew I did love Him.

Now I can see that God has worked this suffering for my good, for it taught me, and developed in me, those precious Christian characteristics, such as patience, submission, resignation, and last, but not least, sympathy for all poor sufferers.

When you read the poem on faith, I hope you will see, if not already, the great difference between faith and sight. Faith is to serve us when we can't see. It may seem like presumption, but it is not. Presumption has no foundation, while faith is founded on the immutable Word of God.

BLOOMINGTON

Bloomington, O Bloomington,
The town of my delight;
I'm scarcely ever satisfied,
When you are out of sight.

Your streets are paved and broad and clean,
As clean as clean can be,
A prettier sight I do declare,
One cannot wish to see.

Your editors are wide awake,
Who furnish information;
About the things we ought to know
On every situation.

Your business men are lively wires,
Who keep our town a-moving,
In every way one turns to see
The marks of your improving.

Your university of state,
So grand for situation;
With woods and lawn so picturesque,
Call loud for admiration.

Your mayor, he is very large,
Altho' in stature small;
Because the way we measure men,
Is not because they're tall.

If time and space would here allow,
Much more we might be telling,
About your parks and other things,
Your traffic and your selling.

THE LITTLE APPLE TREE

There was a little apple tree
For which none seemed to care;
The reason why, it seemed to be—
The tree—it did not bear.

Now all who chanced to pass that way,
A look of scorn did give;
And made remark, "Oh why," said they,
"Should such a tree still live?"

What good is it, why should it stay?
It nothing good has done,
It stands right here just in the way
From dawn till set of sun.

Whoever found one apple good,
Upon its branches grown?
It takes the place a good tree should
And naught but leaves has shown.

Why let it stand, why let it be,
To mock the passerby?
It's justice plain, now all can see
Why it should surely die.

The servant of the owner said,
"Now let me lay it low,
And put another tree instead,
On which some fruit will grow."

The master said, "Don't let it die,
Don't strike it down before
I have a chance to show you why
No fruit as yet it bore."

He plowed, he hoed, he spaded deep,
He pruned its limbs also;
He made the soil its moisture keep,
And lo, how it did grow.

This tree on which no fruit was found,
In years that had passed by,
Each year doth now, much fruit abound,
All know the reason why.

Be patient, then, to lost souls whom
The grace of God may find.
The Master knows what love will do
To change the carnal mind.



A HYMN OF PRAISE

Thou God of love and might and grace,
Who dwelleth in the Holy Place;
Yet so good and kind Thou art,
To dwell in the humble, contrite heart.

The sun and moon and stars all tell
How they all move and answer well,
To Thy command for them to swing
Through space like birds upon the wing.

The earth and sea, and high blue sky,
Proclaim the power of the Most High;
Now let all saints and heavenly hosts
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

COME UNTO ME

I want someone to love me,
Someone to help me to roll
This burden of pain and sorrow
Away from my body and soul.
My heart is longing for something
Far better than that which I see;
There's something that's evermore saying,
There's something that's better for thee.

I find in my Bible, it tells me
The things that are seen, pass away;
While things not seen are eternal
And are things which never decay.
Our Saviour while here, He has told us
Our treasures to lay up above;
Where canker or rust will not mold us,
But where we'll abide in His love.

Jesus has left the invitation
To all who by sin are oppressed:
Come, now while I give you probation,
Prepare for that home of the blest.
Come now and take my yoke on you,
I'll show you the way that is right.
My yoke, you will find it is easy,
My burden, you'll find it so light.

WHAT IS SIN?

O what a horrid thing is sin,
O what a shape it put man in.
O what an awful moral fall,
It brought to mankind, one and all.

The sting of death is naught but sin,
And nothing else has ever been,
The law spake death and always did,
No sin from it was ever hid.

The law is just, and holy too,
Its precepts right, and always true;
It can't excuse the one who breaks
Its righteous rule, but life it takes
From all who do, in thought or deed,
Fail to its holy precepts heed.

And while the law no mercy knows,
And while it pity never shows,
God in His love, His Son did give
To pay man's debt and let him live.

As sin in man, so great was found,
God's grace did so much more abound.
His Son to us, a ransom gave,
From an eternal death to save.

Some say the law is done away,
Tho' once so good, is not today.
They say the law has now no place,
Since Paul has said we're under grace.

Paul says shall we go on in sin,
Because by grace we freed have been?
May God forbid, we hear him say,
For law condemns all sin today.

For by the law, we know the sin;
No other means has ever been.
The only way that sin is known
Is by the truth the law has shown.



NOT ALL THAT SHINES IS GOLD

What is there in this world of sin
That's worthy of our care;
Not all that shines can we call fine,
Of this, we must beware.

It is the plan of the foe of man,
To make us believe a lie,
That we may choose, our life to lose,
And not to live, but die.

If we only knew, how terribly true,
"We must reap what'er we sow,"
We would abstain from all that's vain,
And in the path of wisdom go.

If we do the right, and walk in the light
And obey God's blessed command,
Our fellowship sweet will be complete,
And in judgment we will stand.

GOD'S LOVE AND POWER

I see God's love in flower and tree,
I read His power on land and sea.
I see His love in rose and thorn,
I read His power each night and morn.

I see His love in birds that fly,
I read His power in earth and sky.
The sun reveals His love so warm,
His power is seen in thunderstorm.

His love is shown in songs of birds,
His power displayed in mighty words.
I see His love in grain that grows,
I read His power in wind that blows.

He shows His power to grant our needs,
I see His love in His side that bleeds.
I see His love in the death He died
On the cross where He was crucified;

That I from death might be set free
To live through an eternity,
To sing that song of heavenly strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

I see His love the day He wept
At the grave where Lazarus four days had slept.
His words reveal His love so true,
"Forgive, they know not what they do."

In nature's beauty of living green,
The love and power of God is seen.
Let all mankind with heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I'M LONGING

I'm longing, yes, I'm longing,
For that glorious dawning day
When our Saviour will be coming,
To drive the night away.

When the Archangel with his trumpet,
Will blow a mighty blast,
That will wake the saints from slumber
And will bind old Satan fast.

When the living saints together
With those from out the tomb,
Will be shouting "Glory! Glory!
He has come to take us home.

"We have waited, and been patient,
And have loved His cross to share,
And now He's come to take us
To those mansions bright and fair."

O cheer up, faithful comrades,
For the night shall flee away,
For by faith we're now beholding
That eternal dawning day.



WHY DO SOME LOVE SIN?

What is there in this world of sin
To cause a man to love it?
'Tis filled with woe, where'er you go,
And all the people know it.

Our Saviour has said,
(In the Scripture 'tis read)
"Those of the world will love the world,"
And all their actions show it.

Birds of a feather will flock together,
It doesn't take a wise man to know it;
So men of a kind are of the same mind,
And a man who loves sin will show it.

A man who loves sin, takes pleasure therein,
Because it is in his complexion;
He'll never know the cost, until he is lost,
And he feels God's wrath and rejection.

If you only knew, what God has for you,
You'd not seek a home down here;
You'd prepare for that home, where sin cannot come,
Where people can never shed a tear.

If you wish to go, with those who know
How awful and hateful is sin,
Then do not delay, another short day,
For now is the time to step in.



WHAT IS THE WORTH OF A SOUL?

How can we value the worth of a soul,
Except in the scene of the cross?
It cannot be purchased with silver or gold,
But only by the death of the cross.

Now when you think of the measureless gift
Of a life of eternal bliss,
How much are you now willing to lift
To help a soul gain all of this?

And when you think of the loss of a soul,
And of the terrible price it has cost;
What have you set as the size of your goal,
To save the souls that are lost?

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS

I thank Thee, Lord, with all my heart,
There's none so lovely as Thou art;
There's none so great, so wise, so just,
There's none but Thee, in whom I trust.

I thank Thee for Thy love and peace;
To praise Thy name I ne'er shall cease;
I thank Thee for the breath of life,
For friends and foes, for stress and strife.

I thank Thee for my ears that hear
Thy sweet voice say, "Thou must not fear."
I thank Thee for my eyes that see
Thy love in earth and sky and sea.

I thank Thee for Thy grace divine,
For giving Jesus to be mine.
I thank Thee for the blood He spilt
To cleanse me from my sin and guilt.

I thank Thee for Thy chastening rod;
In this I see Thy love, O God.
I thank Thee for Thy precious word,
Which says, "All things are for thy good."



"BEHOLD, HE COMETH!"

O my brother, O my sister,
Do you know that time is near
When the voice of our dear Saviour
From the shining cloud we'll hear;
When the blast of that great trumpet
Shall awake the sleeping dead,
And the wicked will be calling
For the rocks upon their head;

When the righteous will be shouting,
"Lo, He comes to take us home
To those mansions He's prepared us,
Where no sorrows ever come"?

Shall we be among that number
Who will shout the victory,
Who will stand with all the ransomed,
On that glorious crystal sea,

And will sing the song of Moses,
And the song of Calvary's Lamb,
Shouting, "Glory, Hallelujah,
To our God, the great I AM"?



BARLEYCORN

What is the cause for crime increased?
What makes a man worse than a beast?
What makes a father raging mad?
What makes the mother and children sad?
What makes poor women all forlorn?
It is the stuff called barleycorn.

What makes men's hearts as hard as stone?
What makes poor widows weep and moan?
What makes poor children cry for bread?
What makes them wish that they were dead,
Or wish that they were never born?
It is that stuff called barleycorn.

What makes poor wives so pale and cold?
What makes them die before they're old?
What fills the children's hearts with fears?
What fills their weeping eyes with tears?
What makes some die before they're born?
It is that stuff called barleycorn.

What makes men sell their babies' shoes
To get the money to buy their booze?
What fills our jails with rogues and rakes?
What fills men's boots with squirming snakes?
What fills our hearts with shame and scorn?
That wretched stuff called barleycorn.

What makes a father beat his child
And curse and swear as if he's wild?
What makes him hate his loving wife,
And in his anger take her life,
And fill our homes with hearts that mourn?
It is that stuff called barleycorn.

Oh, how can man with common sense
Endeavor through a false pretense
To justify his wicked greed
For money drawn from souls that bleed,
And eat his bread each night and morn
That's bought with bloody barleycorn?



THE HOME WHICH ONCE I HAD

O, my heart doth feel so lonely
And sick and sore and sad,
When I think of the beautiful children
In the home which once I had.

There was Oliver, Martha, and Franklin,
Robert, Eva, and Grace,
And Anna, and Johnnie, the last one,
All with a smiling face.

They come before me in vision,
Like a nightmare calling aloud;
O, where is the group of children
Of whom one should feel more proud?

But now they are scattered and parted
To the four winds far away,
And I am old and feeble,
And the hairs of my head all gray.

There are two who have left forever,
And are waiting for the home far away;
While the rest, for a while, are permitted
In a home in this life to stay.

And the old and feeble daddy
Is praying both night and day,
That the six get ready to meet him
In a home that will never decay.



THE TWO WAYS

There is a way that seemeth right
To those who know not God;
The end thereof is dark as night,
And yet, by many trod.

This road to many seemeth right,
Yet death is in this way.
The other road, it leads to light,
And an eternal day.

The wage of sin is naught but death,
For this, none can deny; (Rom. 6:23)
But life to all will God bequeath,
Who self do crucify.

God's love for sinners was so great
He did for sinners die,
Because the sin He did so hate,
He could not pass it by.

He gave His life upon the cross,
In death our sins to bear;
To save us from eternal loss,
That His life we might share.

O may we not such love abuse,
But heed His loving voice;
And nevermore may we refuse
To make of Him our choice.

The world makes promises untrue,
To lead poor souls astray;
To make them think 'tis right to do
The things that do not pay.

The enemy of all that's good
Is trying to deceive;
To make us think a big falsehood
Is what we should believe.

It is the saddest of all thought,
That many do not prize
The life our Saviour's blood has bought—
The life that never dies.

Our blessed Saviour told us this:
The world would love its own,
But because that we are His,
The world would us disown.

The thing for us is to obey
The blessed word of God,
And let our feet walk in the way
Our blessed Saviour trod.

And now it's up to us to make
The choice of roads we choose,
For if we do our Lord forsake,
Eternal life we'll lose.



LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

We are striving, we are warring
On the sea of mortal life,
Where the fight is growing fiercer,
And strength of sin is rife.

When sometimes we think the battle
Is too fierce for us to win,
When the waves of opposition
Come almost up to our chin;

When we feel our strength is weakness,
And we know we're sure to fall,
Without more strength from heaven,
Then upon the Lord we call.

"Let not your heart be troubled
Neither let it be afraid,"
Are the words we hear from Jesus,
Then on Him our hope is staid.

"Come all ye heavy laden,
And I will give you rest,"
For My yoke, you'll find it easy
And your life will then be blessed.

FASHION

If it were not so serious,
'Twould be funny indeed
To see how fashions
Do silly folk lead.

I believe in my soul:
If they only knew
That the latest style
Of a fashionable shoe,

Should have the heel
On the tip of the toe—
There'd be plenty people
Who'd acknowledge it so.

Some people think
They're wiser than God;
That He never knew
How they should be shod;

So they really think,
He made a mistake
When He failed their heels
Much higher to make.

I well remember,
And now wish to tell,
When I was a young man
The fashions were swell.

For the hoops of the women
Were four feet across,
And you'd begin to wonder,
And be at a loss

To know how they'd manage
When they sat down,
To keep them from raising
Their pretty silk gowns.

And this wasn't all—
For I want to tell
Of another fashion,
'Twas sinful, not swell.

They girded their waist
'Till they looked like a wasp;
And Oh what a price
They paid for the cost!

We censure the Chinese
For binding the feet,
And think it so horrible,
But they think it neat.

Now which is the worst—
The binding of toes,
Or crushing the vitals
Which brings many woes?

You think the fashions
Of the days of my youth
Were silly and naughty?
Now tell me the truth—

What do you think
Of the ladies so fair,
With hats on the ear
But not on the hair?

And what do you think
Of a frock and a gown,
Cut so very short
It can never come down?

And now, many women
Seem to envy the men
And wear men's clothing—
And I wonder when

The wonders now happening
In our modern age,
Will check the rapid speed
Of their crazy, mad rage.



CONFESSION

The sins of my life have been many
And the mistakes of my life have been more,
And when I cast a reflection
And count them all o'er and o'er,
It makes me feel like weeping
And my heart feels fearfully sore.

But God in His mercy has promised
If my sins I'd confess and forsake;
He'd count them no more against me,
And their stains from me He would take.

And now if I should still doubt Him
And count His promise untrue,
This would be sinning against Him
And this I have to confess, too.

WHAT IS FAITH?


Faith is a substance
That never is seen.
It is a great power,
And always has been.
Faith is not sight,
And never can be;
For faith is that something
We never can see.

Wind is a power,
That maketh much noise,
But none ever saw
The form of its poise.
So, Faith is a power
That doeth great things.
'Tis power in weakness
And mounts upon wings.

'Tis hope in despair;
In darkness, 'tis light.
It puts every power
Of evil to flight.
'Tis comfort in sorrow,
'Tis joy in grief.
In times of great trouble
It brings sweet relief.

It takes our weak feet
From the clay and the mire.
It took the three saints
Through the furnace of fire.
It stopped the strong mouths
Of the lions, you know,
And saved blessed Daniel
In those days of long ago.

It says there is One
In whom I can trust
To bring me again
From my grave in the dust.
It says there's no power
Above or below
That can weaken my faith
In the God that I know.



LOVE THAT CHASTENS

There is light after darkness,
There is sunshine after storm;
There are flowers on the thistle,
And roses cover thorns.

There is hope for despairing
And there's ease after pain,
There is comfort after sorrow,
There is sunshine after rain.

There is rest for the weary,
There is hope for the lost,
There is joy that is unspeakable,
Though our Saviour's life it cost.

'Tis through trials that we're strengthened,
'Tis by fighting that we win;
'Tis by faith that ne'er shall falter
That the righteous enter in.

'Tis the hand of love that chastens,
When oft we go astray,
To lead us out of darkness
To a land of perfect day.

IS MAN IMMORTAL?

O how can man with common sense
Believe that words are true
That say that death doesn't mean to die,
But to live all ages through?

Some say that man immortal is,
Therefore can never die;
That death means life forevermore,
To dwell up in the sky.

If death means life, then life means death,
Else I can't comprehend
The meaning of our English words,
If that's the way they bend.

The wise man tells you what to do
With your might while here, you know,
Because there is no work for you
In the grave where all do go.

The Lord told Eve, and Adam, too,
That they would surely die,
If they a certain thing would do;
But Eve—she wondered why.

The serpent asked of Eve, one day,
If the Lord had said she'd die;
And Eve replied, "Oh, yes, I say,
But your question, I wonder why."

The serpent then replied, "Not so.
Ye shall not surely die,
But in the day ye eat, you'll know
Your Lord hath told a lie."

The question now, please answer me,
In the name of all that's good:
Who told the truth, can you not see
Who told the big falsehood?

Yet some contend that man can't die,
But his immortal (?) soul
Will live through all eternity,
As long as ages roll.

Please tell me then, will you, just why,
In God's blessed, holy book,
He said the soul that sins shall die?
Now please just turn and look. (Eze. 18:4)

If man goes straight up to the skies
As soon as he does die,
Why does the Bible say we'll rise
From the grave, will you tell why?

The Bible says that David has
Not yet gone up to heaven.
His sepulcher is with us yet;
These words, they are God-given.

The resurrection morn is when
We then will shout and sing.
O Grave, where is thy victory;
O Death, where is thy sting?

WHERE IS HOME?

Home! Home! Where is Home?

Will someone now please tell?

Is it where wealth and fame are found,

And princes come to dwell?

Is it where mansions grand and high,

Are trimmed in shining mould,

Where royal robes like purpled sky,

Are garnished in pure gold?

Is it where millionaires do meet,

To count their bags of gold;

Where men of fame each other greet,

In haughty pride so bold?

Is it where men of war prepare,

And strive with brain and brawn

To vie with nations everywhere,

To make more wars come on?

Is it where women, rich and fair

Dress lapdogs in fine silk,

And give poor kids no food or care,

But lapdogs plenty milk?

You can't find home where hate is found,

Or pride and self are swell,

But harmony and peace abound

Where God's pure love doth dwell.

Now home is where the mothers live,

And fathers brave and strong;

Where parents have pure love to give,

To children all day long.

Where parents teach their children how
To reverence God's dear name,
And where the parents daily bow
In prayer, His grace to claim.

Where children honor parents dear,
According to God's will;
And in pure love, and godly fear,
His holy law fulfill.



WHAT MADE MY SAVIOUR'S NAME SO GREAT?

What made the Saviour's name so great,
And above all others blessed,
'Tis said 'twas because He sin did hate,
And loved all righteousness. (Heb. 1:9.)

Then why should I not hate the sin
That nailed Him to the cross,
Since from that sin, redeemed I've been,
And saved from eternal loss.

My soul doth praise and magnify,
The Lord of my creation,
Because His grace doth satisfy
And provide me full salvation.

Why should poor sinners love the sin
Which leads them to despair?
What is there in the service of sin
But eternal death to share!

O praise the Lord, for His great love,
Which never can be measured;
And let our thanks ascend above,
Where all our hopes are treasured.

THE STORM

There is a storm approaching;
I hear its distant roar.
I see a dark cloud rising;
I fear it will be sore.

Oh Wife! Where are our children?
There're none within our sight.
Let's ring the bell and fire the gun,
And call with all our might.

Oh, see those lightning flashes!
The clouds are moving fast,
And almost every moment
We hear the thunder's blast.

Oh! Why were we so careless
To let them stray away?
Oh Lord! forgive and save them,
For this, O Lord, we pray.

Why were we not more careful
To keep them in our sight?
The clouds are growing blacker;
'Tis almost dark as night.

O Lord, forgive our carelessness,
And spare our children dear;
And we'll forever, evermore
From guilt like this be clear.

There is a storm approaching,
Than this, more dreadful far.
It is the storm of vengeance,
From God's own judgment bar.

O may we all get ready,
This storm of wrath to meet,
By laying all our sins right now
Down at our Saviour's feet.

He says if we'll confess them
And forsake them too,
That He'll forgive and pardon
And make us creatures new.



A HYMN OF PRAISE

Jesus our Saviour, our Master and King,
Our songs and our praises to Thee we now bring;
Because Thou didst save us while lost and undone,
O how we do praise Thee, both Father and Son.

CHORUS

Hallelujah, Amen; Hallejulah, Amen.
We'll sing the sweet story to the children of men;
Hallelujah, Amen; Hallelujah, Amen;
We'll sing the sweet story again and again.

O Jesus our Saviour, how can we forget
Thine infinite ransom to pay our great debt;
When lost and condemned to eternal despair,
Thy life Thou didst give, that Thy life we might share.

O Jesus our Teacher, Redeemer, and Friend,
To us Thou didst promise the Spirit to send;
We know He has come our sweet comfort to bring,
And this is the reason Thy praises we sing.

LOGIC OF THE WETS

O, how the wets do mince their words
To justify the vile,
And use a thousand crooked words
Which miss the mark a mile.

A truer proverb never was
Nor doth more truth express:
Convince a man against his will
Yet he never will confess.

The arguments of whiskey men
Are crooked as a snake.
They make you think that black is white
But O, what a mistake!

They tell you that the more you say
To get one to do right,
The faster will he go astray
With all his power and might.


Now if this logic be so true,
Then why not use our might
To make our neighbors evil do
So they will do the right.

The Lord did ask of Cain one day
Where his brother Abel was.
Am I my brother's keeper? Nay.
I'm sure I never was.

This is the way the wets do talk
And gloat with godless glee
As they see their brother's staggering walk
Lead down to misery.

They say the whiskey traffic is
An economic gain,
When nothing is more densely false
Nor dyed with deeper stain.

Were it possible to prove
This false and wicked claim,
What right have we to weigh a soul
In the balance with filthy gain?



THY WORD IS A LAMP

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet,
A light unto my path;
No honey to me is so sweet
Naught else such comfort hath.

It is a guide to point the way
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
It is an anchor strong to stay
My mind and soul on Thee.

When storms assail and billows roll
That rise above my head;
It speaks then to my troubled soul,
And life springs from the dead.

It says, All things work for my good,
Why should my soul then fear;
No power has yet His word withstood,
This brings my heart good cheer.

O, doubting soul, did you not know
It grieves your blessed Lord
To see His servants' faith so low
In His almighty Word.

REDEMPTION

O Lord, our God of all creation
Thou art the God of our salvation;
Thou art our God who dwells on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.

You made man in your image true,
And told us just what we should do.
And yet we chose to disobey
And walk a crooked, sinful way.

Now since by sin we all did fall,
And lost our home, our life, and all;
Thou in Thy marvelous love and grace
Hast sought redemption for our race.

A search was made, both low and high,
Throughout the earth and sea and sky,
For one who could a ransom give,
And save from death and let man live.

Now John, God's saint, was caused to look
And see an angel hold a book;
Written within the sacred roll,
Some things his longing, anxious soul


Desired to read, but he was told
That none its truth could they unfold;
That none was able to even look
Let alone the opening of the book.

Now John was sorrowful in mind
And wept because they could not find
A man worthy to even look
Upon this sacred, mysterious book.

Now what a joy was then John's lot,
When the words he heard, "Weep thou not;
For behold the Lion of Juda's tribe,"
Foretold and written by prophet and scribe,

"Hath prevailed to open the book;
Because on Him our sins He took."
Then, in the midst of the elders he spied
A Lamb that was smitten, till there He died.

The broken law could not be met
With naught but death to pay the debt.
No other name could e'er be given
But God's own Son, the gift of heaven.



QUACKS AND CROOKS

This is a day of quacks and crooks
And everything that's shaky;
Every way in which one looks,
He finds things mighty quaky.

North and South, and East and West
And in each corner lurking,
We find old Satan doing his best
And all kinds of evil working.

You may call me this, or call me that,
A pessimist or grumbler;
But in spite of all that's lean or fat
The truth my voice shall thunder.

I'll call sin by its own right name
Though my life may pay the cost;
For then I will not be to blame
For the souls that may be lost.

HE HEALETH THE BROKENHEARTED

O Jesus, our loving Redeemer,
Who healeth the broken heart;
The One than whom none other
Can joy and peace impart;

Thou suffered Thine own heart broken
That Thou mightest better know
How to heal our broken hearts,
Distressed by sin and woe.

Then come with Thy balm of healing
Like a gentle, cooing dove,
And comfort our broken hearts
With Thy holy, precious love.

If we only knew the power
Of Thy love so pure and true;
And the peace which comes by believing
What Thou art willing to do;

O, then we'd be so eager
To hear Thy gentle voice,
And open our heart's door
And make of Thee our choice.

Thy promise is true and faithful
In Thy book for us to share;
I'll suffer you not to be tempted
Above what you're able to bear. 1 Cor. 10:13.

Then courage, my sorrowful comrades,
Look up with hope in your eyes,
To our loving Saviour above,
Who knows how to sympathize.

He knows of your bitter sorrow,
Every pang and sting of your heart;
He knows of your many trials,
Every thrust of Satan's dart.

Have you received evil for kindness,
And reproach in return for your love?
All this was the lot of your Saviour,
Who now dwells in heaven above.

He longs in His arms to enfold you,
And speak sweet peace to your soul;
Then hope in His blessed salvation,
And press on for the heavenly goal.



LIFE ETERNAL

This is life eternal:
That man his God might know,
And shun the penalty of death,
Of darkness, and of woe. John 17:3.

God said, "My people perish,
For knowledge they despise." Hosea 4:6
"I brought to them the Light of life
But they have closed their eyes." John 9:39.

They will not come to Me, because
Their deeds so evil are; John 3:20.
Their love for darkness, more than light,
Their actions prove by far. John 3:19.

God gave His Son to die for man
That man might live thereby; John 3:16.
That He might change eternal death
For mansions in the sky.

MY FRIEND

Perhaps you'd like to know just why,
I am so blithe and gay,
And why that sparkle in my eye,
Is seen both night and day.

I do not claim the credit mine,
Or any praise from you,
Because that sparkle you see shine,
Is to another due.

I have a Friend, a dear sweet Friend,
A Friend that's tried and true,
He comes and daily walks with me,
And whispers, "I love you."

I love Him, O so much, so well,
I never can explain;
No tongue or pen can ever tell
In language, song, or strain.

At times I've tried to comfort find,
In other friends beside,
But never yet found one so kind,
So lovely, true, and tried.

When I arise at early dawn,
And see the light of day;
Before I get my garments on
I there begin to pray.

I think of what this Friend has done
To give me sleep and rest,
And then begin to praise the One
Who loved me first and best.

I thank Him for the sun's bright rays,
For eyes to see the light;
A tongue to voice His worthy praise
From morning till the night.

I'm sure you'll know of whom I speak—
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who came from heaven down to seek
And save from sin's dark stain.

I'm happy all the livelong day
Because my Lord loves me,
And with His blood has washed away
My sins and set me free.

I wish to introduce to you
This lovely Friend of mine,
Because I know you'll love Him too,
And share His joy divine.



REDEMPTION

If man who was by God made good,
When put on trial could not stay good;
How can he by his own device
Contrive a way to still be nice?

Man broke God's law, which cost a price,
To pay the debt—it took his life;
But when God found no other way
A ransom large enough to pay

The awful debt, and let man live,
The life of His own Son did give.
If man will but accept the gift,
God, out of death, will him now lift.

THOSE GOLDEN AUTUMN DAYS

Some say they like the Springtime,
And others the Summer's heat;
But Autumn days, they are so fine
I tell you, they can't be beat.

Some like the good old Winter time
With its chilling winter breeze;
And the glassy lakes of glittering ice
Where they sail with perfect ease.

But give to me those Autumn days
When Nature yields her store,
And fills our land, on every hand
Till we could not ask for more.

When the trees of living luster,
Of crimson red and gold
Regale our eyes, with happy surprise,
With glory in words untold.

Just think of the hazel bush bending
Almost to the earth with its weight;
Of nuts with as fine a flavor
As anyone ever ate.

Just think of the nuts and almonds
Of variety too numerous to speak,
Of the apple, and orange, and pear,
And of the golden, blushing peach.

You may speak of the Summer and Winter,
And of the beautiful Spring so fine;
But all of them can never compare
With the glories of Autumn time.

I'LL TRUST HIM

I'll trust Him in my weakness—
For His almighty power
To crown me with true meekness,
And save me every hour.

I'll trust Him when there's nothing
That seems to go just right;
I'll trust Him for the victory
In the fiercest of the fight.

I'll trust Him when my sorrow
Seems more than I can bear;
For I know that He has promised
All my troubles He will share.


I know that He was tempted
In all points as well as I;
That He himself was emptied
On the cross for me to die.

Then why should I be fearful,
Or shun the cross to bear?
Praise God, I will be cheerful
With song, and praise, and prayer.

And if I'm not permitted
To live till He shall come;
But am to dust committed
I'm sure that I'll be one

To hear that mighty trumpet blast,
To cause the dead to rise;
And then what joy 'twill be at last
To ascend above the skies.

We then will shout hosannas
And O, how we will sing,
O, grave where thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting?



LORD, I'M READY

I'm ready to go, or ready to stay,
Ready to do whatever I may;
Ready to give the lifegiving word,
Ready to witness for Jesus, my Lord.
Ready to tell what He did for me,
How He died on the cross to set me free.

Ready to walk in the narrow way,
Ready to praise, and ready to pray
That God will imbue me with the Spirit's power
To give the message for the present hour.
Ready to help both old and youth,
Ready to give my life for the truth.

Ready to labor for Christ my God,
Ready to walk in the path He trod.
Ready to tell, how my Saviour died
On the cross where He was crucified;
How His heart was broken on the cruel cross
To save poor sinners from eternal loss.

To tell of His love, which was so great,
He left the glory of heaven's estate
To live a life of sorrow and woe,
To pay the debt poor sinners owe;
And on the cross His life did give
That we in glory with Him might live.

WINE IS A MOCKER

O, is it not a pity great
And an object of disdain:
To see a man in such a state
That his stomach rules his brain?

What is the idea one should get
Of such a human tool,
Who is so spineless as to let
His appetite bear rule?

How must one feel, who has no power
To do as he knows he should,
But has to bow, and cringe, and cower,
Like a cringing coward would?

O, why should man, whom God has made,
Fall lower than the beast,
And all his manly powers degrade,
While he doth on poison feast?

How many now, do you suppose,
Have made this daring boast:
I have the power my lips to close,
To that which I like most.

Yet he supped the cup, until he found
He had gone a step too far;
And then he found, that he was bound
By an iron prison bar.

I went to talk to a father who
Was confined in the prison cell;
Who killed his son in a drunken stew
And to me, he this did tell:

I loved my son so much, so well,
I never would have done the deed,
Had it not been for the drunken spell—
But now, my heart must bleed.

Oh! my boy, my girl, my man,
Beware of that fatal sup;
Resist the tempter while you can
For death is in that cup.



A FALSE WORLD

This world is full of wickedness;
This world is full of woe;
This world is full of fickleness,
Just everywhere you go.

This world is full of misery,
Of sinful, broken hearts;
This world is full of treachery,
Of Satan's cunning arts.

This world is full of prophets false,
Of people false also;
This world is full of all things false
For this we all do know.

There are false christs, and false gods, too,
False weights and measures many,
False hearts, falsehoods of every hue;
Where can we find not any?

The Bible tells of a better home
Where false things cannot be;
Where sin and death can never come,
Where we'll live eternally.

MY PRAYER

Search me, O Lord,
That Thou mayest see
Whether there be
Any evil in me.

Search me and try me
By Thy pure word:
For thy word is sharper
Than a two-edged sword. Heb. 4:12.

Send Thy good Spirit
To convince me of sin,
And show me the path
That I should walk in. John 16, 8, margin.

Open my eyes,
That I may behold
Thy righteous law
More precious than gold. Ps. 119:18.

Show me how awful
And sinful is sin;
That I may so hate it
And all of its kin.

That I will abstain,
And much careful be
To shun all that's vain;
And from all that I see

That might be a cause
To lead me astray
And keep me from walking
In the King's highway.

MY HEAVENLY KING

I'm a citizen of the heavenly King;
His law is my delight,
And in His law I meditate
Each day and every night. Ps. 1:2.

The lawless say there is no law
Because we're under grace;
The law, by Christ was done away;
Therefore it has no place.

O Lord, it's time for Thee to work;
Thy law they have made void. Ps. 119:106.
To keep Thy law, the wicked shirk,
But my heart's in sweet accord.

Our Saviour came to magnify (Isa. 42:21)
The law and it fulfill; Matt. 5:17.
Against all sin, His voice did cry
To kill, it is wrong still.

Paul said, "Shall we go on in sin
Because we're under grace?
God forbid," we hear him say,
"The law still holds its place." Rom. 6:1, 2; 14:15.

Does not the Bible verily say
There was a law—'twas done away?
Then how are we to surely know
The law that was destined to go?

If you the truth do wish to know,
And by your actions wish to show;
Please read the texts that I shall give
You; then will know sure as you live.

The law of types, the Lord did give
To show to man how he should live;
To overcome a life of sin
And an eternal life to win.

Naught doth please the devil so well
As to make believe we cannot tell
What sin is, so we will do
The very things he wants us to.

Paul said that sin I had not known
But by the truth the law has shown. Rom. 7:7.
The law, by faith is not made void,
Neither is it thus destroyed. Rom. 3:31.

Ephesians 2:15 and Colossians 2:14 are texts
that show what law was abolished.



THE SONG OF ANGELS

"Unto you I bring good tidings,"
Were the words the angel said,
As the blazing light of glory
Was around the shepherds shed.

Then the voice of holy angels
Was heard singing in the air
By those humble, lowly shepherds,
As they watched their sheep with care.

Unto you this day, a message
Of heavenly news I bring;
Unto you is born a Saviour
In the city of our King.

Peace on earth, is what they're singing
And good will unto all men;
Don't you hear their voices ringing?
Glory! Glory! and amen.

TEMPERANCE

Temperance! Temperance! What a word!

Will some one now please show

What it is, and what it means—

Will some one let us know?

Is temperance green, or red, or white,

Or black, or brown, or yellow?

Or is it tall, or heavy, or light,

Or hard, or soft, or mellow?

Some think they know what temperance is,

And shout, and brag, and blow,

And say, "I'll tell you what it is,

Because I surely know.

"If you don't touch old alcohol,

Nor chew, nor snuff, nor smoke;

But be quite kind to one and all,

And never even joke;

"You then will be a temperate man

And gain good will and praise;

Just eat and drink, just all you can

Throughout your livelong days."

Be not deceived, nor think that this

Will fill the temperance bill;

It is a thousand miles amiss

Of what we must fulfill.

Now temperance is more than you think,

More than you might suppose;

Because it takes more than a wink

Its wonders to disclose.

A temperate man will not get mad,

Nor speak an unkind word;

But he will help the sick and sad

And love his blessed Lord.

He will not eat more than he need
It matters not how good,
Because he knows he should not heed
The dictates of falsehood.

A temperate man will always rule
His spirit and appetite;
Because he knows, he is a fool
Who dares not do the right.



I'LL TRUST HIM

I'll trust Him when the enemy
Comes in just like a flood;
I trust His mighty power
For cleansing in His blood.

I'll trust Him in adversity,
I'll trust him in the night;
I'll trust Him in prosperity,
I'll trust Him in the light.


I'll trust Him when my trials
Seem more than I can bear;
For then is when I call on Him
In fervent, secret prayer.

I'll trust in all His promises,
More precious than pure gold;
He said there was no good thing
From me He would withhold. Ps. 84:11.

I'll trust Him tho' the heavens
And earth with power do shake;
For I know no power is able
God's love from me to take.

Then when the last battle
Of life has been won,
And Thou shalt come down
To take me up home,

O, may I be ready
To hear the well done—
And praise my dear Saviour,
The crucified One.



REMEMBER THY CREATOR

Remember thy Creator
In the days of tender youth;
While the mind is bright and hopeful
And susceptible to truth.

For the evil days are coming,
When thy heart inclined will be
To lead thee into bitter paths
Of an angry, troubled sea.

When thy heart will take no pleasure
In the service of thy God,
But will take the road that leadeth
To an overwhelming flood.

While your days are bright and cheerful,
And your hope is bright as day.
And your feet have not yet entered
In the path that leads astray.

While thy heart is not deluded
With the glow of gilded sin;
O, may it swing wide open
To let your Saviour in.

WHY I'M A PROHIBITIONIST

If you'd like to know
Which way I go,
And the truth of my position:
I'm deeply dyed
And sanctified
To the cause of prohibition.

If you ask why,
My stern reply
No matter what others may say,
Is that I love
The God above,
And hate the evil way.

Our God hath said,
In the Bible 'tis read,
Who buildeth his house with blood,
To him be woe
For doing so,
For his garments with blood are red.

The sixth command
You understand,
Says to man: Thou shalt not kill.
When you stand up
For that fatal cup,
This command you're breaking still

Now don't you think
That God will wink
At your thirst for innocent blood.
You'll surely reap,
For your sins will sweep
Down over you like a flood.

May my tongue fail to lisp
And judgment come swift,
And my right arm palsied be;
If I fail to sigh,
And mightily cry
Out against this iniquity.

If you put to the lip
Of your neighbor to sip
This poisonous cup of death,
I want you to know,
You'll reap what you sow,
For God will justice bequeath.



LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

1.

Let not your heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid—
This is the blessed statement
Our blessed Saviour made.
Our blessed Saviour told us
That He would come again,
And take us to our blessed home
Where we should ever reign.

CHORUS

Our work will soon be over,
The victory be won;
So let us all be faithful
From dawn till set of sun.
When Jesus comes to get us
We'll hear the words, "Well done."
I've come to get my jewels
And take them to their home.

2.

He told us we'd be tempted
And tried along the way,
But not to be discouraged;
His Father He would pray
To send the Holy Spirit
To cause us to remind
The things He had foretold us,
In words so very kind.

3.

Then cheer up, my dear comrade,
And do not be dismayed,
But keep in mind the Saviour's words,
You must not be afraid.
My peace I now leave with you,
My peace which is so true,
The peace the world can never give
Nor take away from you.

THAT GLAD REUNION

The S. D. A.'s are happy;
Do you know the reason why?
They know their Lord, who went away
Is coming by and by.

He said it was expedient
That He should go away;
For the Spirit will not come to you
If here with you I stay.

Let not your heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid;
For the Comforter I'll send you—
He will surely give you aid.

He'll bring to your remembrance
The things that I have said;
He'll comfort and console you,
And quicken from the dead.

There's not another people
Now living on this earth,
Who ought to be more happy
Even in this spiritual dearth.

Because they know 'tis certain
Their Lord can tell no lie;
His Word cannot be broken—
So He's coming by and by

To take us to those mansions
He's preparing in the skies.
Paul says they are too glorious
To behold with mortal eyes.

Should we not see Him coming
Before we close our eyes,
We know the grave can't hold us,
For we know the dead shall rise.

We enjoy this glad reunion;
But there's another coming soon,
Which exceeds as much this one,
As the sun exceeds the moon.

Then cheer up, my dear comrades,
Gird on your armor bright;
Take courage and be hopeful;
His coming's now in sight.

These words were written by request,
for an S. D. A. reunion.



ODE TO OLD AGE

(Composed Oct. 14, 1937)

My eve of life has come at last,
My race will soon be run;
My life on earth will soon be past,
My crown will soon be won.

My years have been eighty-one, and when
You add six months thereto,
'Tis very clear the time is near
I must bid you all adieu.

It matters not what're my lot,
Or when my call may come;
I'm ready I know, any time to go
To my eternal home.

There's trouble and woe, in this world you know,
And the wicked they have no rest;
But the righteous have hope that the doors will ope
To the mansions prepared for the blest.

I long to see my Saviour come
In shining glory bright,
To take me to my heavenly home
Where there'll be no tears or night.



WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

Behold I stand at the door and knock;
Will you not let Me in (Rev. 3:20)
That I may change that heart of rock
For a heart that's free from sin?

I'll be a Friend most true to you, Prov. 18:24.
And will your burdens bear; Ps. 55:22.
I'll do what no one else can do, Acts 4:12.
I will your burdens share.

I'll make that yoke you cannot bear,
So easy and so light;
That yoke of sin, so hard to wear,
Will be one of pure delight. Matt. 11:28-30.

I'll give you peace the world can't give
The peace the world can't buy;
My peace with you will ever live,
This peace will never die. John 14:27.

Two masters you can never serve
For both you cannot love. Matt. 6:24.
O, love the One who does deserve
All praise in heaven above.

WHAT IS IN A BARREL OF WHISKEY?

A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of woe,
A barrel of misery, that widows know;
A barrel of characters ruined and wrecked,
Without a spark of hope to expect.

A barrel of cries for children's bread,
A barrel of bruises, and noses red;
A barrel of groans, and sighs, and moans,
A barrel of curses, and broken bones.

A barrel of orphan children's groans,
A barrel of widows' piteous moans,
A barrel of broken vows to wives,
A barrel of curses that reach the skies.

A barrel of sorrow, for wasted time,
A barrel of remorse for deeds of crime,
An untimely death for a loving wife,
A door closed to eternal life.

A soul worth more than a tongue can tell,
To suffer destruction in the fires of hell.
All of this, and a thousand times more,
Are found in that barrel of bloody gore.



OUR SAVIOUR'S SORROW

He came unto Peter,
James, and John while they slept,
And found that their vigil
They never had kept.

Then back to the garden
With sorrow so deep;
He went to His prayer
And for sinners did weep.

He prayed to His Father
If possible it be
The cup might pass,
So He might be free.

Not My will, but Thine,
O Father, be done,
And this was the prayer
Of the crucified One.

Shall we not be willing,
With our Saviour to weep,
For souls who in darkness
Of death are asleep?

May we do with our might
What our hands find to do,
To help our lost neighbor
Find his way through.



HOW TO BE HAPPY

If I only knew just how to pursue
To make everybody happy;
I'd pitch right in, with a smile and a grin,
And make things rather snappy.

There are those who say they know the way—
So they start out with strong resolution
To make you believe, that all you receive,
Is bound to come through evolution.

The wise man hath said, in the Bible 'tis read,
There's a way that seemeth to be right;
But without doubt, you'll surely find out
That it leads to eternal night.

There are those who contend, it matters not in the end,
If you do just whatever you please;
But this we do know, we shall reap what we sow,
With this the Word of God agrees. Gal. 6:7.

Jesus saith unto thee, come ye now unto Me,
All ye that are weary and worn,
And you will be blessed, for your soul will find rest,
For my yoke will be easily borne.



WE SHALL REAP WHAT WE SOW

Galatians 6:7

If we had known that angry word,
We uttered in hot haste
Would some day be just like a sword,
To lay our own soul waste;

We might not have employed our tongue
In such an awful deed;
If we'd known the way it stung
Would make our own heart bleed.

All those who to the wind do sow,
Will some day surely reap
The fruit the whirlwind's sure to blow—
This law doth never sleep.

Should we refrain from words that burn
And deeds that break the heart,
Because we fear they will return
With justice on our part?

Our motive should be more divine,
Moved by love—for He
Who said the way you did to mine
You did it unto Me.

THREE MYSTERIES

Great is the mystery of godliness,
No man can search it out;
And great is the mystery of iniquity,
For this, there is no doubt.

There's yet another mystery
That oft comes to my mind,
And it gives my heart much sadness
To think mankind, so blind

They won't accept God's mercy
And the gift of eternal life;
But against God's righteous kingdom
They war a constant strife.

Our Saviour left on record
These words so plain and true:
Ye cannot serve two masters,
This, none can ever do.

You'll hate the one, and the other
You'll love and serve him too;
Ye can't serve God and mammon,
This none need try to do.

Now why not choose the right
And serve the Lord of love,
And lay up treasures in heaven
In the kingdom of God above.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

The Spirit spoke to a troubled heart,
Dost thou not know just where thou art?
Dost not thy heart appeal to thee
And tell thee what thou needest to be?

Dost not thou hear a gentle voice,
Come now, my soul, make God thy choice?
The time will come when you'll regret
Your feet were caught in Satan's net.

You'll think of what you might have been
Had you heeded that voice, when
It said to thee, please let me in
That heart of yours, defiled by sin.

For then I'll make it clean and white
And help you walk the path that's right;
And take away that load of guilt
And cleanse you in My blood I spilt.

But then you said, go now thy way,
I'll call for Thee some other day,
When I can have convenient time—
And then I'll give myself and mine.

You thought the world had more for you
Than all that God for you could do;
And so the choice you then did make
Was putting your life up at the stake.

Oh what an awful thought at last
When one is lost, and the harvest past;
The saddest thought of mortal ken
Will be the thought, it might have been.

GOD'S CHASTENING LOVE

O, Thou loving Lamb of God,
Please let me share Thy chastening rod;
For whom Thou lovest, Thou dost choose
To chasten, comfort, guide, and bruise—
But in it all, just let me know
'Tis just because you love me so.

We sometimes think it hard to bear,
And so much persecution share,
But we remember, O, so well,
When Thou wast here, that Thou didst tell
That if the Master, they did defame,
His servants might expect the same.

Now this, O Lord, is all I need—
To know I have Thy hand to lead,
And when I draw my latest breath
And tread that lonesome path of death—
All I need to hope or crave
Is Thy promise to ransom from the grave.

But should it please my God to come
Before I die, to take me home;
O, what a shout of rapturous praise
My tongue shall sing in angels' lays,
And bid farewell to woe and pain
And praise forever my Saviour's name.

Remember in all that comes and goes
A thorn accompanies every rose;
If the sky of every day was clear
And golden sunshine filled every year,
And never an adverse wind did blow
And all our paths with flowers did grow—
I fear we might not know so well
The difference between a heaven and hell.

ASHAMED OF WHAT!

Merciful God! How can it be!
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of what? Of nothing less
Than my own self and sinfulness.

Ashamed of my ungrateful soul,
Ashamed of my life's recorded roll,
Ashamed of my own cowardness,
To own my Lord and Him confess.

Ashamed that I have failed to own
The right God has to my heart's throne,
The right God has to rule and reign,
The right He has my soul to claim.

Ashamed that I so long delayed
To seek my Lord to give me aid,
To overcome my evil ways
And give my Lord His worthy praise.

Ashamed? Yes, Lord, I ought to be:
I have so long rejected Thee.
So now I come, confessing all,
Before Thy mercy seat I fall.

I now accept Thy mercy great,
Confess my lost and wretched state
And claim Thy pardon, full and free,
And will henceforth Thy servant be.

MY PRAYER

O Lord, my God, wilt Thou give ear
Thy humble servant's voice to hear
And grant his prayer and fervent plea
For grace and power to live for Thee?

O may Thy servant prove to be
As true as were those faithful three;
Who in the former days of old
Refused to bow to gods of gold.

O may Thy servant daily seek
To be as true and mild and meek
As Moses who was falsely accused
And by Thy people much abused.

O may he be as chaste and true
As was Thy servant Joseph, who
Was chastened by his God to prove
The power and grace of Thy pure love.

O may he prove as true and brave
As was Thy servant, Thou didst save
Alive from out the lions' den,
Because he feared God more than men.

May I my Saviour's name confess,
My robe be His own righteousness.
And may I not be satisfied
Till I'm just like the crucified.

GOD'S LOVE AND POWER

Ask the birds why they do sing
In the glorious dawn of vernal spring;
Ask the rivers and the rills,
Ask the mountains and the hills,
Ask the seas and oceans grand,
Ask the lakes and pleasant land;
Ask the flowers and stately trees,
Ask the birds and busy bees,
Ask the skies and heavens above—
And they'll tell you, God is love.

Ask yourself why you do live,
Ask the clouds why rain they give;
Ask the sun why it doth shine,
Ask the gold down in the mine,
Ask the snow and ice and hail,
Ask the stormy winds that wail,
Ask the stars and heaven above—
And they'll tell you, God is love.

Ask the thunders that speak so loud,
Ask the rainbow on the cloud,
Ask your eyes why they do see
The wonders on both land and sea;
Ask your ears why they do hear
The lovely tones of music clear,
And they'll tell in words of love,
It is the power of God above.